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WOMAN'S WORK FOR WOMAN.

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WOMAN'S WORK FOR WOMAN.

Vol. XV. OCTOBER, 1900. No. 10.

TIDINGS of the relief of Peking, on August 15, sent a thrill of joy and thankfulness throughout the Christian world. Singularly appropriate was the text cabled to the office of the American Board: "Psalm cxxiv: 7"—Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowlers: the snare is broken and we are escaped.

JOY over Peking was tempered by growing fears for places farther from the coast. At Paotingfu the worst has been realized. Hoping against hope, we are at length compelled to accept a dispatch from the U. S. Minister as final. On June 30, five missionaries of our Church and three children were added to the roll of martyrs for the testimony of Jesus. Their station on the north side of the city was laid in ashes the same day and, July 1, three missionaries of the American Board and two Canadians sealed their faith in the same way, at the south station.

COUNTED of God worthy to be His witnesses even unto death—DR. TAYLOR of Burlington, N. J., twelve years in China; REV. and MRS. F. E. SIMCOX of Venango and Mercer Counties, Pa., seven years in China; DR. and MRS. C. V. R. HODGE of Philadelphia, who went out in February, 1899.

HOW our friends in Peking passed those two and a half months of siege, suspense, privation and battle, is history that is yet to be written. We know that Dr. Inglis' baby daughter shut her eyes upon the dreadful scene and flew to the Saviour's arms. She was perhaps the very youngest of the four hundred and thirty persons who were sheltered within the British legation. We also know that a public thanksgiving service was held by English-speaking Ministers, their families and staff, missionaries and marines together, immediately upon their deliverance, but no letters have yet arrived with the story which is so eagerly awaited.

NO page of the persecutions by Nero or Diocletian is written in darker lines than are the records of the Church in China, this summer of 1900. Good authorities believe that missionary lives sacrificed will count up into the hundreds, and that already four thousand Protestant Christians, *who might have saved their lives by denying their Lord*, "were tortured, not accepting deliverance."

THE entire Shansi Mission of the A.B.C.F.M., two stations and five outstations, has been wiped out. Six missionaries fell at their post and four more with three children, while fleeing under escort of Chinese soldiers.

THE Chinese Relief Fund for persecuted Christians amounts to $4,115.95 Sept. 10. Contributions should be sent to Chas. W. Hand, Treasurer, 156 Fifth Ave., New York.

FAR from the stormy scene at Wei Hien, Dr. Mary Brown, ten years an efficient and beloved member of that station, has peacefully passed away. The demands upon her, occasioned by excessive sickness about Wei Hien in the summer of '98, undermined her strength and she came home last year —"one of the hardest things I ever did." Aiming always to go back to China, and brave to the last, she lately wrote: I am like Taddy's orange, "some squoze, but there is a good deal of juice in it yet." Unsparing of self to the last, she took in charge the case of a missionary friend only five weeks before her own death. She was sister to the late Dr. Hugh Brown of the Korea Mission. An aged father and sisters mourn, a second time, for one by whom the work of missions has been enriched.

MANY friends will be glad to know that Miss Grace Wilder has been recruiting in the Nilgiri Hills, and is much improved after her serious illness. She desires to express hearty thanks to

all who have sent famine money to her, by Mr. Hand.

At Kodoli, W. India, Miss Brown has five hundred famine children.

June 3, Rev. J. M. Goheen received ten men and seven women by baptism to the Wadgaon Church, W. India, fifteen miles from Kolhapur. They were from four places. One of the men was in middle life, has heard the gospel for years, but was a devout Hindu and persecuted believers. He has become a changed man.

Persia and China, in our pages this month. It is not the first time they have met. Remember that the Nestorian Church antedated all other Christian missionaries to China.

Thanks, on behalf of our readers, to the generous pens of West Persia.

Two opportune leaflets issued by the Board: *The Mission Crisis in China; The Iniquity of Christian Missions in China.* The latter is Mr. Speer's trenchant reply to scoffers. Get them, and keep them going. *Christian Missionaries in Asia*, by Rev. Percy S. Grant, is also good ammunition. Published in *The Outlook* of Sept. 15.

Not 16 to 1, but sixteen new subscribers where there was only one, is the record from a Minnesota town. Shows what the pastor's wife can do.

Readers will remember that Mrs. Winn wrote, last year, of the way Japanese mothers bind themselves before childbirth, and that she connects this custom with the short stature of the nation. An excellent article upon the subject, which she wrote for the *Japan Times* has been favorably received, and she has also, by invitation, addressed a body of nurses at a noted hospital. Mrs. Winn is just the one to lead in a reform of this kind, and we hope she will persevere.

As Rev. Geo. Marshall of Yeung Kong was on his way to Mui Luk, in May, he was beset by eight armed pirates, who lost no time in relieving him of everything he had, excepting the clothes he wore and his cot. He wrote that the country was beset by thieves and mandarins were indifferent.

How crude the field is about Lienchow appears from events at Pakfu, a town only twenty miles from Lienchow. Rev. and Mrs. Rees Edwards accompanied Dr. Chesnut, a Chinese preacher and a Bible woman, to Pakfu in the spring, and the whole band stayed there a month. While a hundred would come to Sunday service, some of them from eight miles off, few attended in the evening, except women and children who were wonted to Dr. Chesnut's ministries. Large boys who became interested were detained at home by their families, picture cards were torn up for fear they would explode and destroy the house, and a large tree was guarded at night, lest the foreigners should steal the treasure supposed to be hidden there. "They knew not," writes Mr. Edwards, "that we came to give them greater treasure, if they would but receive."

A Canton letter says: "Among our teachers we find some of the most beautiful examples of Christian lives that we know of," and one is cited who has shown Christian resignation in the death of her daughter, from plague, a few months ago. The young woman was studying medicine, and was of great promise.

A shrewd old Laos prince advised Dr. McKean to take advantage of the custom of the Buddhist devotee, who sits with closed eyes and banishes every image from his mind save that of his own bony skeleton. He counseled the doctor to get an X-ray apparatus and charge a fee for a sight of one's skeleton; it would be money in his pocket, for the people were sure to appreciate a short cut to holiness whereby they were spared the strain of meditation.

Two Laos families of Lampoon district, eighteen persons in all, have placed themselves under missionary instruction, being led to this step by one who would seem an unlikely instrument—an old man, "poorer than you can imagine," cannot read, can scarcely repeat the Lord's Prayer correctly; yet his character and "a certain native shrewdness and earnestness" win respect, so that Mr. Freeman says: "He is really an efficient, unpaid evangelist." "According as a man hath."

Our Missionaries in Persia,

AND POST OFFICE ADDRESSES.

Mrs. C. S. Blackburn,	Urumia.	Dr. Mary E. Bradford,	Tabriz.	Mrs. S. M. Jordan,	Teheran.
Mrs. Fred'k G. Coan,	"	Miss G. Y. Holliday,	"	Dr. Mary J. Smith,	"
Miss Jennie Dean,	"	Miss Mary Jewett,	"	Dr. Jessie Wilson, *en route*,	"
Dr. Emma T. Miller,	"	Mrs. Wm. S. Vanneman, *en route*,	"	Miss Leinbach, *en route*,	Hamadan.
Mrs. Wm. A. Shedd,	"	Mrs. S. G. Wilson,	"	Miss Annie Montgomery,	"
Miss Mary Van Duzee,	"	Mrs. J. N. Wright,	"	Miss Charlotte Montgomery,	"
Miss Louise Wilbur,	"	Miss Annie Gray Dale,	Teheran.	Dr. Blanche Wilson, *en route*,	"
Miss Lillie B. Beaber,	Tabriz.	Mrs. Lewis F. Esselstyn,	"		

In this country: Miss Cora Bartlett, Kingston, Ind.; Mrs. Jas. W. Hawkes, Ballston, N. Y.; Mrs. Benj. W. Labaree, Doylestown, Pa.; Mrs. J. L. Potter, Ledgewood, N. J.; Mrs. J. G. Watson, San José, Cal.

A Doctor's Three Weeks in Persian Villages.

In enclosing you a report of our tour, I can write only a word. A Moslem lady came in unexpectedly to dinner to-day and has taken most of the time for letter-writing. I am sure it is as good work as we can be doing, to entertain her, but what sticklers we are to do "as I had planned." Our work here is full of opportunities.—*M. E. B.*

Twenty miles from Tabriz we made our first stay, at the village of Ilkechee. The people are Ali Illahees, a sect always more ready to listen to Christian truth than Moslems are. Through fear of their fanatical neighbors, they pretend to be what they are not, and this practice of deceit has had a ruinous effect on their characters.

We wished to go to the house of our helper, which has stood empty since his death, a year and a half ago. His sister said we could not occupy the house, but on our insisting went over and opened it. She seated herself in the main room and burst into tears, and so did many of the neighbors who came in. It was rather a tearful reception, but many said afterward it did their hearts good to hear the Word of God in that house once more. The next morning several little girls were invited in and began to sew. Khawa also began to teach them the Lord's Prayer. They came every day, about twenty-five in number, and at the end of the week about ten knew the Lord's Prayer, three hymns, three Bible stories and ten Bible verses. The parents said: "What is this that you should teach our children for one week? we want some one to be with us all the time." While Miss Beaber and the girls were busy in that way, I was treating the women. Nearly every afternoon we were invited to some garden where there was opportunity for more personal work.

On Sunday our room was full all the forenoon. We had a number of Bible verses on slips of paper and each of us was teaching one to some group. Even Miss Beaber, who is only taking Turkish as her second language, had mastered a verse and was busy with the rest of us. What hard work it was for those women to commit a few words! Again and again we say, "Ye that labor and are heavy laden," and they repeat, "Ye that labor and are"—*sound asleep!* Many were truly interested and stuck to it till they had mastered one verse or more. We closed with a short general service and they left us to get their dinner. About four o'clock they gathered in the yard, the girls having the women about them, while I had a group of twenty boys. A man appeared on a roof overlooking the yard and growled out something to which no one paid any attention, but when he darted in at the gate and ran towards my boys with a large stick in his hand, they scattered like a flock of birds.

Several evenings we went to some neighbor's roof and, in a village where a newspaper never comes, we tried to be the newspaper ourselves. Stories, war, famine, science,—all is fish that comes to our net to give out to these people. After a hymn and prayer, thirty to forty would scatter to their beds which were spread on the roofs. We never went to their houses without being asked to read.

After a pleasant eight days we loaded our donkeys and moved on to Dukargon, twelve miles away. We had no trouble in finding a comfortable stopping place at Mahomet Baghir's. The large crowds who visited us were a trial to any host, but he never made any objection to their coming. One Armenian jeweler spends most of his time there, but otherwise the place is entirely Moslem. At the

time of the Russian invasion, all the Armenians living there were taken to Tiflis; but an old church, built in 1030, and their graveyard still remain to them.

Having reached there on Friday, by Monday our presence was well known and one hundred and fifty women came in the forenoon to show me their pulse. This was not that they were all sick but they wanted to see if they were, and after feeling the pulse, with no questions asked, I must tell them what was the matter. In the afternoon we were invited to the house of a former patient in Tabriz, and some thirty of her relatives gathered there to tell me their diseases in private (?).

One day we visited Lake Urumia, whose bitter waters always remind one of the Dead Sea. We saw the quarries where wonderfully beautiful marble is taken out in a clumsy, wasteful manner. Women crowded around us and we ministered to their bodies and read to them the Words of Life.

Many a glimpse of the home life comes to us as we stay in these villages. Once we were awakened at midnight by a man beating his wife. A small boy of five, angry at his mother for applying medicine to his head, tries to choke her and is hauled off by the other women. He knocks off all the green fruit he can reach, pulls up the garden patch, destroys the potted plants, hurls stones into our room full of patients, but none of the women dares to punish or even forbid him. At one place was a little boy of six with one eye entirely destroyed. His father had two wives and five daughters. When this first little boy came to one wife, the other ran a darning needle into his eye, and the mother at once fled with him to her brother's house and never returned to her husband. One evening a medical call was necessary on the wife of the master of the village. He was sitting as judge in the same large room where she was lying and many were coming and going. A woman with bloody face and clothes came in and complained that her husband had beaten her. The master sent for him. He came in pale and trembling and exclaimed, "Cut my head off if you will, but hear my story first. I went to the field this morning, having eaten a small piece of bread. Towards evening I came home and told my wife what to cook for supper. It was all there in the house ready, and then I went out and cut a large bundle of grass. Taking this on my back I went to three places trying to sell it, but they would not buy. I brought it home discouraged and dead tired and my wife had not even lighted the fire."

One morning Miss Beaber and I rode to a village which was the home of a converted Moslem who fled some ten years ago. He has since lived in Tiflis and is a humble, consistent Christian. We were directed to his former house, several children going ahead to announce our arrival. In their excitement the women caught the words that A—— himself had come. The whole street was at once astir. His old mother came running with the tears streaming down her cheeks. We were taken into the house, and the room and yard at once filled with relatives and neighbors all eager to hear of him whom they had been ready to kill ten years before. I asked them why they drove him away, and they said it was their mullahs who did it. Then they ordered some of the people away and said to me, "In this street we are not as the other Moslems. We want A—— to return, and we are sure no harm can come to him." When his brother came in, we went to an upper room and, bringing a Luke's gospel, he said, "I can read these words, but I do not understand them." Beginning with the first chapter he said, "Who is this to whom it is written?" and thus we read on as far as our time would allow. How hearts have changed towards that humble disciple!

Leaving Dukargon we came to Monagon. The pomegranate trees, with their bright red blossoms before our windows made our place look very attractive, but we soon found our host would not permit the women to visit us. As the village was owned by one of the chief ecclesiastics, we saw our stay would not be profitable so determined to leave the next day. Our host, however, was not willing for that, as his own bill would be too small, so he dismissed our donkeys and we were compelled to spend the Sabbath. We saw the women by going out to the spring, and some came to us, among them the first

wife of the chief man. She had been superseded by a rival from Russia and was consumed with jealousy, and had not been with us ten minutes till we knew her story.

On Sunday a young man came to me with a Testament. As he was alone with us, I asked him if he believed in Christ, as set forth in that Book. "Yes, Khanum, I do." Are there others here who believe? "A very few." Do you confess your belief? "No, Khanum, we do not dare, for they would put us out of our homes."

Monday morning we paid an exorbitant price to our surly host and departed. A four hours' ride brought us to Melon, a place beautiful in gardens and running water. We were cordially received and stopped at the house of Meshady Ali. Two men came and asked what books we had, inquiring for the *Mizan il Hakk* and Pilgrim's Progress. We found many of the people are Babbs, more or less familiar with the Bible. The women came in crowds out of curiosity, but it was hard to keep their attention.

Tuesday was a Moslem holiday and, going into the yard about ten o'clock, a few men standing near the street gate said, "Will you not come and read to us?" We sat down on the ground and I read them the story of the Rich Young Man, Elijah and the Prophets of Baal, and Daniel cast to the Lions. Our audience increased to about forty and gave good attention. They are not like the women who, if you open your mouth to tell them something, will say: "Why have you that gold in your tooth?" None of the men came to cavil. They heard the Word with earnest, thoughtful faces and only asked questions to have verses explained. In the afternoon we went to a garden and spent most of the time reading to men and women. Towards evening, one of those who had been there in the morning came in and asked me to read some of the parables of Christ. They put one of their own number on police duty, admitting no small boys, crying babies or gabbling women, and it was an inspiration to read to such an eager audience. I read the Raising of Lazarus and the Restoring of Sight to the man born Blind. As several elders of the village had come in and it was too dark to read longer, they began to question me in regard to Mirza Ibrahim, who was put to death in Tabriz seven years ago. Many thought he was a native of their village. Two of his sisters are living there, and two young men were pointed out as his nephews. Some fifteen years ago their uncle had become interested in reading our Book and had gone to Baku. Afterwards they heard of him in Urumia, and as they had no news since the death of Mirza Ibrahim, they had thought it might be he as they had heard he changed his name at baptism. I told them of Mirza's prison life, his death and faithful witnessing for Christ. It is wonderful how deep an impression it has made upon them. All were interested to hear every item I could give. "Why was he not liberated?" "Where was he buried and why not in the Christian cemetery?" As they rose to go one of the elders said: "It makes us feel very sad to hear how he suffered. We wish we could have known it while he lived."

Since my return one of our old helpers has told me that the one whom they seek is not Mirza Ibrahim, but another who has come out from Islam and is living as a Christian in a distant city.

The last evening of our stay, a man came to see us whose father was baptized by a Swedish missionary and had died last year. He said: "I cannot tell you my father's words here (referring to those present), but he gave us much good advice."

The time for our return had come, and we set our faces towards Tabriz, refreshed in body and soul. Never during my twelve years in Persia have I received such an impression of the fields white unto the harvest. I longed to see some one else follow at once to these same villages. In every place patients were found who had been to me in Tabriz. They invited us to their homes and showed us every kindness, but nowhere did the medical work predominate so as to absorb all our time and strength. Surely the Spirit of God is moving on these hearts as never before. Here are the hungry multitudes. May our beloved church heed the command: "Give ye them to eat."

Mary E. Bradford.

A Life Indomitable.

LITTLE NESTORIAN GIRL WITH HER TESTAMENT.

Kasha Oshana, who has lately come down from the mountains, says that while he was at Memiken, in Gawar, there came to him the wife of a Kurdish chief, whom he recognized as Johanna, a Nestorian woman who, as a girl, was stolen for her beauty and carried away by the Kurds. This was forty years ago when Mr. Rhea was staying in Memiken, and now she comes begging to be allowed to partake of the Lord's Supper.

Think of forty years spent among the Kurds surrounded by utter spiritual darkness! And, yet, the little light she had has been fed and kept burning. She had taken her little Testament with her, when she was abducted, probably one received from Mr. Rhea, and a translation of Spurgeon's "Morning by Morning," and she has insisted upon reading in them every day, though forbidden by her husband. She said to him: "My Testament is my very life, I shall die unless you let me read it."

Her influence upon her husband has made him most favorable to Christians, so that whenever those in his district are in danger he has interfered in their behalf.

How sweet to think of Johanna's being kept through all those years of trial, temptation and darkness, and we cannot tell but that through her influence some souls may be found within the kingdom who could not otherwise have been reached.

She was greatly refreshed and comforted by partaking of the communion, which Kasha administered to her in private for fear of stirring up the Kurds. Then she went back again to be alone. *Adela M. Shedd.*

The Summer Retreat for Hamadan Station.

This is a message of loving gratitude to all who contributed towards providing this summer retreat, sanitarium, place of rest, for your representatives in Hamadan, and which we hope in addition to make a place of light, from which rays of the Sun of Righteousness may stream forth to all the land about us. We have asked to be allowed to call it Nourmahal, which in the Persian means "Place of Light," and which is a word familiar to readers of poetry in America.

That it is a place of rest, I proved last night. Yesterday and the day before were two of the days that come to me once in the year, when I seem too tired to live. Yet, eighteen hours in this pure air has made me feel as if made over new, and after breakfast this morning I am sitting down to send the first word written by me since we moved here, to the dear, generous friends who love us so much and care for us so tenderly.

We began this morning by driving out the flies which we cannot keep out till the screens are done and up. The workmen are getting the floor down in the hall—about half done yesterday—and are putting the roof on the front verandah. You see we live in Persia where time has no value, and men think only how much time they can spend in doing a little job and how much money they can wrest from the unhappy foreigners. You must not feel discouraged if we cannot report completion at once. We can make ourselves comfortable enough to have a delightful rest, and oh, the blessing it will be to those who come here with little children, as well as for the grown people! We thank you with all our hearts, and we thank the loving Father who has put into your hearts this thoughtful care for us. May He bless you very abundantly, with all spiritual and temporal blessings—that you may be filled with all the fulness of God.

Your friend and missionary,
Annie Montgomery.

[Before the following note was received, the dear and unremittingly faithful secretary to

whom it was written had laid down this mortal part, and her further service for Christ's work in Persia will be done in a new sense "by way of the Throne."—EDITOR.]

NOURMAHAL, July 26.

DEAR MRS. RIESCH:

Yours of May 22 came to hand two weeks ago and by this mail came your post-card. Many thanks for your birthday wishes. I have no doubt they reached me by way of the Throne much more quickly than the letter came by way of the Persian post.

There were two Englishmen traveling through Persia, the son of the Member of Parliament for Liverpool and a Mr. Labouchere, relative of the notorious infidel. They got Mirza Säeed to treat the former of the two, who was very low from typhoid fever, and he was the means under God of saving the young man's life. The travelers came to Hamadan to see Mirza, and he brought them to see me. Dr. and Mrs. Holmes were taking dinner with us that evening and we had two places at the table and we asked them to dinner. They laughed at Mirza's religion, teased him about his temperance principles, but you could see how they appreciated his worth. So, at last I said, "Now, Mr. Labouchere, if all the work that has been done in Persia had only produced this one man, would it not have been worth while?" He readily answered "Yes, Miss Montgomery, I think it would be well worth all that it has cost." It was testimony worth having, for it was from one not interested in missions.

A. M.

AT RECESS, IN THE BOYS' SCHOOL YARD, URUMIA. Miss Dean in the background.
From photograph by Miss Wilbur.

Sample of a Missionary's Narrow Life.

[We sometimes hear of the "narrowing life" of a missionary.—EDITOR.]

It seemed best for me to accompany the young ladies as far as Constantinople, where I wished to have my eyes examined and procure new glasses. The journey was delightful and helped to restore my health and spirits, which had suffered somewhat from the winter in Salmas. The constant murders, some

of them of a very shocking description, the robberies, violence, oppression and general lawlessness of that region had been more depressing than I realized at the time. The general indifference to spiritual interest and the apparent lack of benefit from providential chastisements were very sad features to contemplate, day after day.

On this journey to Constantinople, though not a missionary tour, many opportunities offered to present the gospel to individuals, and some great causes for encouragement were evident. I heard of some converts from Islam who, exiled from their native land, were suffering loneliness and separation from friends for Christ's sake, yet were happy and blessed. Among our traveling companions we made the acquaintance of a German Jew, a Turkish general and his wife, an Armenian bishop of the Catholic Church and another of the Gregorian faith, a young Greek who had been in America, German Protestants of Tiflis, and others. With some of them we had conversation on personal religion, and I still recall the serious way in which the Turkish general said, "This Saviour of whom you speak, is He only for you, or for us also?" The Catholic bishop said: "This crowded steamer is a strange place for religious conversation." But we said, "No, if we love the name of Jesus, why should we not speak of Him everywhere?"

I was three weeks in Constantinople. Many of the American and English missionaries were absent, but those who remained were most kind and hospitable. I had the pleasure of meeting the American Minister and his family, also our Consul-General and his family. I found the latter to be Presbyterians, well informed about mission work and cordial friends of the A.B.C.F.M. missionaries.

The year past has been a very happy one. Much of it has been spent in touring, and I am getting very much to like this gipsy life, and enjoy seeing how the people live in the villages, and with how little one may be really content and happy, having all the essentials of comfort and dropping the cumbrous and costly luxuries. I have great cause for gratitude for health and strength, kind and congenial companions, and opportunities to tell the story of Jesus to those who need Him so much.

Our opportunity here may not be very long, as last December Russian engineers arrived looking out the best route for a railroad to be built, having branches to Urumia and Tabriz. This probably means that Russia and England have come to an agreement about this country and Turkey. Persia, in itself, is not a very valuable acquisition, but in a military point of view this part of it is necessary and we therefore believe the road will be built, and Russian occupation will soon follow. From a material point of view, this will be an advantage. *G. Y. Holliday.*

The Daughters of Iran.

The Persian woman has been celebrated in many lands in song and story. She has been praised and pitied, admired and derided. The most contradictory things have been said of her, because, being a woman, she is a marvel and therefore contradictory, and being a Persian woman, she must, if she be anything, assert herself against the social and religious laws which condemn her to be either a doll or a drudge.

That many women in Persia do rise above conditions which tend to reduce them to a dead level of mental and moral mediocrity, speaks well for their natural abilities, which, crushed to earth, rise yet again out of neglect and cruelty and obloquy. When these have had their thrice-forged fetters broken, and the glorious liberty of the children of God has been realized to them in Christ, awakening in their hearts the latent ideals and aspirations which ages of repression have not been able wholly to efface, the gifts with which nature has endowed them will fit them to respond, and to take their place beside their sisters of America and Europe in the van of the world's best life and thought.

The *anderoon*, or women's apartments, is, in Persia, an institution of Islam, and what is said here of Persian women relates wholly to those of the Mohammedan faith, who constitute

ninety-five per cent. of Persia's daughters. The anderoon is usually very far from being an abode of luxury, even with wealthy families, unless the number of wives be limited to one or two. The favorite wife has many advantages over her rivals, but she is usually encouraged to set an example of severe simplicity, in respect to her house and its furnishings, to the other wives, each one of whom would make life a burden for her lord were marked discrimination shown in such things. He therefore contents himself with reserving the best of everything for the *beroon*, or outer apartments, where he receives his own guests. Here are fountains, spacious courts, shady walks, and profusion of flowers without, while within are large, high-ceiled and stuccoed rooms, elaborate windows, delicately wrought frescoes, the finest rugs and divans, showy chandeliers and candelabra, stately pier glasses brought on camels' backs from distant Trebizond or Bushire, inlaid tables from Shiraz, and *portieres* from Reshd.

KURDISH WOMEN.

The anderoon presents marked contrasts. The rooms are usually small and low, without ventilation, the courts confined, sunless and bare, the garden ill kept, and the general air of a back yard pervading the entire establishment. This order is reversed by many ecclesiastics who, in deference to the popular idea that to be very holy one must be very dirty, reserve all their luxuries for the anderoon, and make a show of beggarly plainness in the part of the house to which their pupils and the public have access. The Persian wife seldom ventures into the *beroon*, and when she does, it is only as an outsider, who is tolerated there as long as no other visitors are present. All its belongings are in charge of men servants, and the dainty touches of the feminine hand are nowhere seen in their arrangement, nor her presence there to greet its guests or grace its entertainments.

When the khanum suffers from any of the ailments for which, in America, outdoor exercise, travel, a visit to the seaside, to the mountains or to the baths is required, the physician feels his helplessness. He sees that the patient cannot recover her nervous tone in her present environment. But there is no seaside except at impossible distances and in impossible climates. A visit to the mountains would mean being shut up in a little dirty village, whose houses are mud hovels, the chief industry of whose women is the milking of goats and sheep, and working up beds of manure with bare feet and moulding it by hand into cakes for fuel. Or, if the husband have both the means and inclination for her sake to make an encampment upon the mountains large enough to afford security from robbers or wandering tribes, she would still be confined largely to the precincts inclosed by the canvas walls surrounding the harem. For she rides only in a *kajava*, or basket, or in a *takhterawan*, or horse litter, or she sits perched high up astride a man's saddle, looking in her balloon garments, and doubtless feeling, more

insecure than Humpty Dumpty on the wall.

In her outdoor costume the khanum never walks. At the best she can only waddle, therefore she is almost as effectually shut out from this important form of exercise as the women of China. In both countries the peasant women are blessed with greater freedom than those of higher classes, and in Persia the village women, dispensing with the baggy trousers and in some districts with the *chader* also, or mantle, swing by on the road with an elastic stride which would do credit to a veteran of many campaigns.

Traveling in Persia is, for women particularly, a matter of so great discomfort that even the shortest journey could seldom be recommended as a health measure. There are some famous mineral springs in northern Persia, but they are usually in regions difficult of access, and often dangerous on account of nomads and robbers, and they usually have only such facilities for bathing as nature has afforded. If they really do heal diseases their virtues must be marvellous, for the sick who visit them usually stay but a day or two, though they make a business of bathing while they have the opportunity. To prescribe travel therefore, would be about the equivalent of prescribing a journey to the moon, and to prescribe outdoor exercise for an inmate of the anderoon would be like recommending a daily exercise in flying, the one being about as practicable as the other.

Should the physician find it necessary on the other hand to isolate his patient, for the treatment of hysteria, which is exceedingly common, or for mental troubles, which are also very common, he is equally at sea. No nurse, not even a "Sairy Gamp" could be found. When it is known that one has a severe illness or visitation of God, they come, as in the days of Job, every one from his own place, to mourn with him. In cases when absolute isolation has been ordered as an essential condition of the patient's recovery, the physician may expect on his next visit to find the room filled with chattering women, who have gathered to speculate on the probabilities of a recovery, or each to recommend the decoction which cured some one else whose case was "just like this." There is but little watching done at night in the most severe cases, and a physician is seldom called up at night to see a patient.

On my first introduction to the anderoon, I had little acquaintance either with Persian customs or Persian costumes. I had been asked to see the wife of a high dignitary, and on my arrival was at once ushered into her presence. I found my fair patient awaiting me, standing beside a fountain in the midst of a garden quite Oriental in its features. She was closely veiled, but her feet and legs were bare, and her skirts were so economically abbreviated as at first to raise the question in my mind whether I had not, by mistake of the servant, been announced before the lady had completed her toilet. She, however, held out her hand, which apparently she did not intend me to shake, and I presently made out that I was expected to feel her pulse, as the preliminary to my inquiries concerning her symptoms, or rather in lieu of them. the competent Persian physician needing no other clue to the diagnosis. Then the pulse of the other wrist had to be examined, and I inspected the tongue, of which I obtained a glimpse between the skillfully disposed folds of the veil. This woman had been suffering from a malarial disease, which had manifested some grave symptoms, and I tried to impress upon the family the importance of her taking prompt measures to avert another paroxysm. Feeling somewhat anxious as to the result, I sent the next morning to inquire about her condition and the effect of the remedy prescribed, but learned to my disgust that the medicine had not yet been given, the priest, who must make *istekhareh* (cast the lot) to ascertain whether the remedy was a suitable one for the case, not having yet arrived.

But the Persian wife is often neither a doll nor a drudge. I have known some who were recipients, apparently, of as true love, respect and solicitude, on the part of their husbands, as are their sisters in Christian lands; some who were very entertaining in conversation, even in their husbands' presence, some who were their husbands' trusted counselors, some who were noted for

learning or piety, some who were successfully managing large estates, some who have stood by me in my professional work, in emergencies demanding great strength of character and freedom from race and sectarian prejudice.

In Persian Kurdistan the women have much more freedom than the women of the plains, those of Kurdish villages dispensing almost entirely with the veil, and the seclusion of the harem being much less absolute than in Persia proper. I was once assigned apartments for many successive days in the court of the anderoon occupied by the family of my host, a Kurdish chief of high rank, and I have seen almost a city full of Moslem families in Kurdistan going out into the fields, men, women and children together, having a picnic by the river side, as we might in America.

NOMAD WOMAN OF PERSIA.

There are, however, but few bright spots on the dark, dreary background of Persian domestic life. And the loss is not woman's alone. Her exclusion from the social life of her husband and her sons shuts out many restraining and refining influences, and coarsens the moral fibre of both sexes. But so long as morality and righteousness are regarded as matters of outward observance and not as principles of the inward life, the restraints of the harem are a necessary though sadly imperfect incentive to good conduct.

For Iran's daughters there is no deliverance in the Christless civilization for which so many Persians, worn out with the dreariness and emptiness of Islam, are longing. When the Son hath made them free they shall be free indeed. And in their deliverance lies the only hope for Iran's sons.

Geo. W. Holmes.

The Moharrem Procession at Urumia, May, 1900.

We saw the Moharrem processions. Miss Van Duzee had told me I must go into the city and stay all night to be there for the early morning demonstrations, so I gladly accepted her invitation, taking along Mr. Wilson's book on *Persian Life and Customs* to read up on the subject.

During the evening we could hear, from different parts of the city, the sound of the drum—a monotonous dull beat—no music to it, and sometimes three or four notes on a horn, always the same. We could hear, too, the regular, rhythmic cry, "Hasan, Husain!" all the voices in unison. I thought of college yells, but there was a thin, high-pitched quality to the voices (as to their music) which gave an idea of melancholy certainly not observable in the round, full tones of college calls.

Those who take part in Moharrem ceremonies meet to practice during the first days of the month of mourning, and each company has a leader. I was not fortunate enough to see any of the practicing, but I caught sight of some of the banners, huge affairs that reach up past the second-story windows. Some of these were simply poles surmounted by "steel plumes" some one has called them, capped by balls, and so heavy that the men who carry them can hardly balance them, and it requires much practice to be able to walk without staggering. During the procession, I saw people on the housetops tying handkerchiefs to these standards as they passed. There is merit in so doing, and dozens of handkerchiefs were hanging from some of the poles. Others were draped with beautiful Persian shawls; others corresponded more to our idea of flags —large triangular banners of green and black, or green and gold, with fringe, or with the lion and sun in the center. Many of them were surmounted by a tin hand. Husain's hands are said to

have been cut off by the enemy. He then took his sword in his teeth and killed a number of his assailants.

Who ever knew a procession to be on time? They usually have it early in the day, especially if Moharrem comes during hot weather, but this year it was cool. Mr. Shedd sent out to ascertain what their line of march would be. Although it was said they would not be ready for some time, the sight of banners moving along the wall kept me on the *qui vive;* but when they reported that the processions were not coming our way, I was disgusted. Mr. Shedd and Mr. Blackburn went to the public square where the governor would review the troops, so to speak, but it was not proper for women to go!

A PAUSE IN THE MOHARREM PARADE.

We finally went to a Nestorian house that was in fine position for seeing—just at a turn in the road, so we could look down the street. Opposite across a graveyard was a mosque, and we could see what was going on there. Then we waited and waited, but it was a glorious morning and worth getting up early to enjoy. We vibrated between the roof and upper story. At last we heard chanting and a *desta*, or company, of little boys appeared. They were bare-headed and carried bags of chaff, or cut straw, from which they occasionally took a handful to cast it over their heads. Their shirt collars, which button at the left side, were unbuttoned (a sign of grief—it being the office of a near friend on a certain day after bereavement to go and "button his friend's shirt,") and the shirts were slipped off from the left shoulder leaving the chest bare. This furnished a resounding drum on which they beat in perfect unison with the flat of the palm, throwing the arm as far back as possible and bringing the hand down on the chest with an awful whack. You can hardly realize the noise made when so many are striking the bare flesh at once. Occasionally the leader would step out in front, *à la* drum major, to keep them in time. These boys seemed to enjoy it, rather, but some of the groups which appeared later were very sad looking. It was not one continuous procession, but a group would go by to the mosque, return, and there would be quiet for ten or fifteen minutes until another group came. I amused myself in the intervals looking through field glasses at people in the mosque, and watching a ragged, unkempt little girl, who engineered a sore-backed donkey among the graves that it might eat the few weeds which the rains had lured from the barren soil.

We saw a great many destas. Some were composed of men with heads shaved (except for a semicircular place over the ears) and covered with mud; others were mullahs, with black turbans in place of the usual white ones. Sometimes there was singing, and once something reminded me of the chorus in the Greek drama. The whole company called out together "We are hungry" and one answered, "Husain was hungry." "We are thirsty"; "Husain was thirsty." The more elaborate and dramatic divisions came last. There

were beautifully caparisoned horses, riderless in memory of fallen Husain, numbers of women (men so dressed) and children in black, on horses, to represent the wives and children of Husain and his followers who were taken captive. Behind them, men in chain armor were using whips to drive the captives ahead of them. In some destas there were camels with *kajavas*, and the captives had chaff on their heads and triangular wooden yokes, indicative of bondage.

We began to think we should not see the "bloody procession,"—in fact, one or two stragglers that had passed, their long white robes covered with blood which ran down their faces from wounds in the scalp, had been almost enough to see. These had evidently become too weak to keep on and were staggering home, or to the public bath where they had free baths and were treated to sugar and tea. Some one told us that these white robes are afterwards cut up and given to the women, who soak the pieces and drink the blood! But we did see one of the tragic divisions as it came to the mosque across the graveyard. That was near enough. They came along half-sidewise in single file, each grasping the belt of the one in front with one hand, and flourishing a sharp knife with the other. It was a ghastly spectacle. A look through the glass was sickening. Their shaven heads were covered with blood, and some of them seemed hardly able to stand. We saw one woman alongside carrying the sword of some relative, probably, lest he should inflict mortal injury. Men go along, too, with clubs, to ward off some of the blows. We saw one man who was beating himself with chains, but the gentlemen saw hundreds doing the same. According to their custom, each company when it appeared before the governor demanded the release of some prisoner. Anticipating this, the most dangerous prisoners were sent out to islands in the lakes, but others were released, among them one of our Kurdish friends.

Some of the companies came right under the windows where we were sitting, so I could almost have touched the camels and banners. It is rather difficult to give any idea of such a procession, but it was very interesting to see, affording an insight into Oriental methods of expressing grief.

This Husain for whom the Moharrem is celebrated, was the son of Fatima, Mahomet's daughter. He was killed at Kerbela by those who thought the succession belonged in another line. He is the hero of Persian Moslems, and many visit his grave in Kerbela. One reason why these poor people cannot get ahead faster is because they have to go on these expensive pilgrimages as soon as they get sufficient money together.

Louise Wilbur.

Sick and Ye Visited Me.

Come, lovers of the Christ, and go with me downstairs and then across a little yard.

"We need not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down;

For warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A *present* help is He,
And faith has yet its Olivet
And love its Galilee.

The healing of the seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain."

Here we are in one of these two tall brick buildings right by the "beds of pain." HE is so surely here we can almost touch Him.

We are living these days in, or rather over, a hospital, the (woman's) Howard Annex of the Westminster, Urumia. This is Olivet and Galilee, and HE walks up and down the halls and into every room.

How those dear ladies (in Rochester) who send sheets and towels and pillowcases and money for comforts, every year, would have their hearts burn within them if they could spend one day or even one hour here and see their gifts put to use! There are several rooms, five beds in each, made of unpainted wood and plain, oh, so plain but clean and comfortable, and red curtains at the windows—I think they are bazar calico. Did *you* pay for them? They are brilliant with the Persian sun shining through. And there are several native cradles, and they have babies

in them, one in each, strapped close and tied down tight, with strings of gay beads within reach. Some of the babies are well and here with sick mothers, and some are very sick. Two little tots of one mother have suffered surgery. The cruel knife! Doctor does not let us know and gives no details, but I know of the operating-room being occupied every Monday and Thursday and Saturday, and other days also. It is just under my room and I smelt the antiseptics, and I saw the little tender form, after being borne back to his cradle. I will not say "cruel knife," for I know how gentle and soothing and strong and firm is the good doctor's hand. Sometimes I say to him when he comes (for he has to come to us all), "Doctor, how are the patients?" "Variously." "Very sick?" (Sadly), "even unto death."

Every Friday afternoon, and oftener, there is a woman's prayer-meeting in one of the wards where all the Nestorian women in the yard meet with the patients for a little service. It is good to be there. One afternoon one of the babies threatened a disturbance. The mother reached up to a shelf and got a wonderful picture-book that settled him for the rest of the hour. Who made the book, where did it come from? I do not know. I trust it came by mail, postpaid. It had everything in it; bright vivid pictures pasted on big colored leaves of pinked cambric of different hues. What a pretty thing to send to a Persian hospital, and what a world of fun was in it for the babes, while mothers prayed or ached or rested.

One day Mrs. Coan and I went over with her gramophone, calling the sick as we passed into the large upper room, the favorite gathering place. They came gladly, their pale faces aglow with interest which increased as the magic horn gave out its treasures of song, sacred and secular. Some were solos, some quartettes; sometimes the far-off men who were performing for us so mysteriously would laugh and halloo and then our muffled patients would laugh and shake in sympathy. (Oh, the medicine of a hearty laugh!) Sometimes they would twang their banjos for a dance and sometimes the bugle would summon the soldiers to battle or review. While this was going on inside, I happened to look across and saw we had another audience of nine or ten men in the other hospital and in the yard, and when we went home they all poured blessings on Mrs. Coan for a very happy hour.

Dr. Cochran is very busy these days overseeing a half-dozen men who are digging a cellar and foundation for a new modern operating-room connected with Westminster Hospital, the gift of Mr. and Mrs. Lyman, Minneapolis friends, in memory of their and our beloved Mrs. Cochran. Doctor is so happy, as he says, to have money enough to make it "as it ought to be" and as he likes it, with modern facilities as far as we can command them in Persia. It is a rare thing in these days of "cuts" in our work that a missionary can feel free to make things as they ought to be, untrammeled. What a beautiful and Christian way to preserve and honor the memory of a departed friend, and how pleasing to the dear Lord who healed the sick, and how wide the reach of such benevolence, for patients are brought to this house of healing from all the nations around us, Kurds, Nestorians of the plains and mountains, Armenians, Jews and Persian Mohammedans, and from the regions beyond the Tigris and Euphrates. Who can limit such an influence? And it is all for the glory of our Lord and King.

Sarah J. Rhea.

SUMMARY OF PERSIA MISSIONS—FROM LAST REPORT.

Missionaries	47
Stations, 4; out-stations	131
Churches	24
Communicants	2,768
Added to the church, '98-'99	228
Schools, 108; pupils	2,666
Patients treated	24,029
Pages printed	1,264,100

CHINA SUPPLEMENT.

"Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
Jesus has vanquished death and ALL its powers."

Martyrs at Paotingfu and Their Letters.

March, 1900.—REV. F. E. SIMCOX wrote to the Board regarding the "valuable services" which Miss McKillican had loaned to Paotingfu station "for three years," and asked that a permanent woman evangelist might be sent out. He said: "At Wan Hsien, a new station (out-station) opened last May, several women are studying and I believe some of them are converted. They have the help of only an ignorant labor hand. Wan Hsien is twenty-five miles from Paotingfu. At Kucheng, also twenty-five miles off, similar conditions prevail, while the little church at Chia Chwang needs help badly. It makes me sad to think these poor women will have to wait at least three years before some one can be prepared to take them the gospel. A woman to do this and work along with Dr. Mackey will more than treble her influence."

April 12, MRS. SIMCOX wrote to the pastor's wife of Clearfield, Pa., (the church which supported Mr. Simcox) as follows:

Dr. Maud Mackey, who has been living with us, went to Peking with Miss McKillican a few days ago, in order that she might have the advantage of a good teacher. We do not expect to see her again until autumn.

Just now there is a big temple fair south of our city, and two posters have been put up saying that during this fair, when crowds are here, the Boxers intend to exterminate foreigners and burn their houses. One day is to be given to our place here, and one day to our friends in the south suburbs (American Board station). Two months ago there was a rumor to the same effect, but now they have become bolder and put up the notice. However, the officials have promised to send us soldiers if there is disturbance. It is hard for people at home to realize our situation. No one knows what may happen. In case of *serious* trouble, the soldiers are not of much use; none of them would risk much for a "foreign devil." We believe the officials would do their utmost for us here. Altogether we are on a nervous strain, not only for ourselves but for the Chinese Christians, many of whom are badly frightened.

Do you wonder that I have hard work to keep my heart still, all the time? I try very hard not to think of it, but you can realize how a mother with three little children must feel. It is the uncertainty and the knowledge that many hate us, and knowing the awful wickedness of the heathen heart, that makes it hard for us. But we know, too, that the upright people of the city in great part believe us to be good people, and we believe that God overrules all for good. Can we not pray that, out of all this good may come—that we and our message may thus be brought before the minds of the people and they may be made to acknowledge the truth of the gospel?

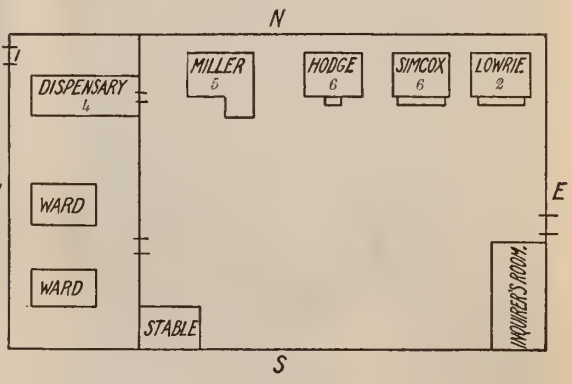

DIAGRAM OF PRESBYTERIAN COMPOUND, LOCATED IN A NORTHEAST SUBURBS OF PAOTINGFU.

The dwellings, all of gray brick, were built near to the north wall for protection from wind. The wall was of brick, except that about the hospital, which was mud. A brick walk was laid between the Dispensary and East gate. In the open, there were a tennis court and a well.

There is great need of rain. The ignorant attribute this drought to the foreigners who have "offended heaven."

April 16.—It is wonderful the way the Lord keeps us from fear of evil men. Another placard has been put up in the city declaring the intention

to destroy us, but I do not believe the Boxers would dare attack us. There is great unrest all about us but we are kept in perfect peace. I write this just to show you this phase of missionary life which I don't believe people at home often know about. We do not often write in detail of disturbances, for it needlessly alarms our friends. I do not mean to say that such troubles are constant, but we are often surrounded by them. I do not wish to alarm you. I have *no* fear. There is a railway near us and if worst should come we could probably get away.

GEO. YARDLEY TAYLOR, M.D.
1862-1900.

Mr. Simcox wrote you about the revival meetings we had a little time ago. It was truly most blessed. It is wonderfully encouraging when the Holy Spirit comes and reveals His power. It uplifts us and makes us feel as though the Lord were pleased with our weak endeavors. Mr. Lowrie and Mr. Simcox went to an out-station and held meetings for a week. Now five of the Christian men are here studying God's word with a view to keeping close to the Master and being lights for Him in their villages. They are paying their own expenses. How much we hope for them and of them! The class for women was most encouraging, too. They confessed their faults to those whom they had offended. Some of the school girls also have determined to live for God. It is really beautiful. One young man was brought back and made full confession, so manly and true. Can you realize what these things mean to us? It is like springs in a dry and thirsty land. We just praise God all day long. Pray for us that we may never lose our hold on the Master. We realize that we are nothing without His power. It is sweet to know that dear friends are interceding for us.

I expect Mr. Simcox home in two more days. He was mobbed at this same place, Wan Hsien, two months ago, but there are very earnest inquirers there, and we believe it is going to be a promising field.

SECOND MOB AT WAN HSIEN.

Dr. C. V. R. Hodge wrote May 14:

Mr. Simcox had quite a time on his visit to Wan Hsien last week. It was his regular time, and although various threats had been sent in that they would not allow foreigners to come any more, he thought there would be no trouble and started as usual. He arrived about seven P.M. and almost immediately a crowd collected, followed him to his room and raised a disturbance, throwing the benches into the street. From this on the crowd remained, hooting and reviling him and kicking down the door, but not venturing into the room again or offering him any violence. The district magistrate of the place, the "Chï Hsien," is a foreign hater, but hearing of the commotion, and fearing trouble for himself if violence was done, he hastened to the place in his official chair, thinking the mob would scatter on seeing him. He remained an hour, but the mob, far from scattering, seized a native inquirer who was on his way to see Mr. Simcox and beat him severely, the official's followers being there the whole time and not lifting a finger to help. He finally got into the building and was hidden by Mr. Simcox for a while. The mob at last came in a back way, dragged him out, and after beating him until he was insensible they left him for dead and went away. Simcox got him in again and after two hours he came to and the chief of police sent him home. We have heard from him since, and although terribly sore he seems not to have been seriously injured. The official finally told Simcox he would better go back to Paotingfu, and sent him off under an

escort of fifteen soldiers about two in the morning. No personal violence seems to have been meditated against Simcox, but the people seem determined to have no foreigners. The official is apparently at fault, and complaint has been lodged against him at Paotingfu. There is absolutely no trouble here, and, if there had been a decent official, in all probability there would have been none there.

COURTLANDT VAN RENSSELAER HODGE, M.D.
1872-1900.

MRS. ELSIE SINCLAIR HODGE.
1874-1900.

LAST LETTERS FROM MRS. SIMCOX.

PAOTINGFU, May 17.

MY DEAR MOTHER:

I should have written you volumes since I last wrote, so much has happened in the regions round. It is enough to say that the country is in a very unsettled state.

[After recounting the same event described above by Dr. Hodge, Mrs. Simcox refers to the man who was beaten, as follows:]

We have since heard from him and he is better. Is going about now and is as bold as a lion, preaching the gospel wherever he has a chance. Strange to say *his* villagers are kindly disposed toward him, but he will not enter Wan Hsien for a time. Before this, two Christians had been driven out of that city. One is here under the doctor's care, the other is going about the country selling small articles. Everywhere he is asked if he is a Christian and is refused lodging at the inns.

Another man came in yesterday with his back and arms terribly burned. His boy ran off from home and he has been hunting him. In almost every village he is taken for a witch and beaten and, finally, in one village they burned him. Dr. Taylor is attending to his wounds. And so it goes. Everywhere there is talk of witchery. People believe there are those who steal children by first bewitching them.

The Catholics are suffering everything at the hands of the Boxers. They had a battle to the south of us some time ago. Only last Saturday, to the north, the Boxers attacked two villages, burned the houses and killed all the Catholics they found there. Most of them had left that place. Always heretofore the Catholic Church was feared. They always got redress for any abuse, but now they seem to get nothing. However, they say that France will eventually make China suffer for this.

We do not fear for ourselves, but we

do fear for the Christians. They are afraid and have good reason.

A few days ago a man was taken up near our south suburbs friends, as a child stealer and was badly beaten. A helper of theirs was going through a village where he was not known. He got off his donkey to walk through the village, which is the polite thing to do in China. Some one by the road cried out, "He is a witch. Don't you smell him?" He did not stop to argue the question but went on. He had a piece of scented foreign soap in his pocket, and if they had taken him up they would have said it was "witch medicine."

Letters from the Board tell of Dr. Inglis' appointment to Manila, while our Dr. Hodge is appointed to take Dr. Inglis' place in Peking. We are loath to lose Dr. and Mrs. Hodge, but are glad they are not sent further away.

A PEEP INTO THE INNER SANCTUARY.

We are all well, but Margaret is getting teeth; cried one night. She is the dearest baby that ever was—so bright and jolly. We do not plan to go to the seashore for another month, but it is getting dreadfully hot here and the country is baked. It is so hot Paul and Francis cannot play out of doors. They are big boys, and oh, how they do love their little sister. She is never so happy as when they play with her. I have an old granny to help care for her, who just dotes on baby and will never let her cry or be in an uncomfortable position for a minute. The boys beg every day to go to the seashore to play on the beach and bathe in the ocean. Their little friends Zenos and Ralph Miller have gone and they are lonely. I don't know what either of them would do without the other. They are great chums.

Well, it won't be so very long, now, until we expect to see you all again. We shall have been out seven years this coming autumn and our time is up the following year. Of course, we do not know what we shall do. If some of us should be sick we could go sooner, or if some one else needed to go we might think best to stay longer.

May 24.—Still here and reasonably well . . . .

North of us about 25 or 30 miles, the Boxers burned a lot of houses belonging to Catholics and about one hundred lives were lost. The Catholics are collecting in centers and preparing to defend themselves. Still further north, a chapel belonging to the London Mission was looted, and the helper and one Christian killed. These are the first Protestants whose lives have been taken, but they are not likely to be the last. Protestants have not tried to fight the Boxers as the Catholics do, but they are threatened all the time and live in mortal terror. In some homes the father is a Christian and his boys, while the mother is not. Of course she is angry with her husband because he has brought this trouble on them by joining with the foreigners. Oh, it is perfectly dreadful everywhere. All are afraid.

A general was killed because his own soldiers would not fight against the Boxers. They said their guns would not go off. The general insisted on their fighting and took up a gun to show them that they would go off. The rascally soldiers, however, would not do anything, and the Boxers gave him chase and killed both him and his horse. In our own city an official went to a temple where it was said the Boxers were drilling, and they chased him home. The governor-general of this place went to the relief of a city to the north of us and was obliged to take the first train back to save his neck. The whole country is boiling with excitement. Everywhere the question is asked, "Any more news?"

It is hard to be here now and in sympathy with the people who are suffering. It is almost more than I can stand sometimes. Every day we have Christians coming in from the country to talk over the situation. They fear a general uprising, in which case they fear the Chinese soldiers more than anything else. If only the foreign governments would send in a few soldiers it would have a quieting effect.

My heart aches for the native Christians. They have nowhere to go. And they do fear for their girls and young women and children. At one place where Catholics were killed, two little boys were left until the last and then told to say that they did not believe in God. But the little fellows said, "We

REV. FRANK EDSON SIMCOX.
1867–1900.

MRS. MAY GIBSON SIMCOX.
1868–1900.

PAUL SIMCOX, 5 years 3 months.
FRANCIS SIMCOX, 3 years 5 months.

MRS. SIMCOX AND BABY MARGARET.
From photograph by Dr. Hodge.

do believe in God." "We will kill you if you don't deny Him." "Even if you kill us we will still believe." So they immediately killed them.*

It is 102° in the shade to-day. I wish in some ways we were at the seashore, but I hate to go away and leave all the Christians. Frank spends most of his time trying to comfort and advise the frightened people. Now don't be alarmed about us. I do not fear anything. But do pray for the Christians all over North China.

I do not believe there will be a general uprising. I think it will gradually die out, but there is much suffering now. Of course no one knows what the end will be. At any rate the devil must be happy these days, for he seems to be just rampaging.

Don't worry about us. We shall go to the shore in a few more weeks now. . . . With very much love to you all.

May G. Simcox.

*After writing this Mrs. Simcox has drawn a line against the story and marked it "true."—EDITOR.

The Tribute of a Missionary Associate.

It was five years ago that I became acquainted with Mrs. Simcox, who has been my nearest neighbor ever since. I have learned to love and admire and honor her, she was so faithful to every known duty.

In addition to attention to home affairs and a most constant care of her children, she commenced a girls' boarding-school two winters ago for daughters of the Christians, they paying something toward their support. Mrs. Simcox never spared herself in this work. Although not a robust woman, she never failed to conduct worship every morning with her school, and once a week examined the scholars. This was not all. They were always on her heart, and everything she could do to contribute to their welfare and promote their improvement she cheerfully did. I can well believe that many a tear has fallen if these young people know that on earth they will never again see the face of Mrs. Simcox.

She employed an excellent Christian woman as teacher. The entire support of school and teacher was largely borne by Mr. and Mrs. Simcox.

Before opening this boarding-school, Mrs. Simcox always had my day-school meet her on Sunday in a Sunday-school class; many times the mothers or sisters of the little girls accompanied them. Several times some of our city ladies came out on Sunday. Mrs. Simcox never changed her programme to suit them, but requested them to sit with her while she talked to the children. I know they thoroughly respected her, and I know that "though dead she yet speaketh."

With utmost sorrow do I realize that not only have we lost a friend, but China has lost a benefactor.

In trying to pay some tribute to our beloved friend, Dr. Taylor, I feel as one would who, not a sculptor, tried to make a marble statue. He was so superior in talents which were well cultivated, and in faithfulness to every duty, that he was a more than ordinary man and Christian. As a physician he was reverenced and confided in. His unwearied attention to the poorest so attracted two men, who at different times were patients in the hospital, that they became inquirers and finally professed their faith in Jesus, and have stood firm in the face of many persecutions and trials. One mandarin, a Hanlin, had a paralyzed hand. For a year he came every day for electricity treatment. He loved and admired Dr. Taylor and, to give expression to his feelings, sent him a tablet on which four characters were inscribed, meaning: "Love others as yourself."

Only eternity will disclose the thousand ways in which Dr. Taylor did kindnesses which cost him the crucifixion of self. In a more pronounced way than many another man he suffered in his daily contact with the Chinese. His high ideal of truthfulness and his exquisite neatness were over and over shocked.

Dr. Taylor's musical ability brought cheer into our homes.* Almost every hymn in the new Hymnal is associated with him. We sung it through from cover to cover, taking sometimes a dozen hymns in one evening. This was his rest and recreation after a hard day's work. Hymn 640, "Crossing the Bar," was a favorite. The very last time I heard Dr. Taylor sing this hymn, Mr. Norman was our guest. Now they both have met their Pilot face to face.

This highly cultivated musical talent and acute sensitive ear were wholly laid on the altar of consecration, for it was pain to Dr. Taylor to listen to the Chinese singing and yet he always led the singing at our meetings. Every day of his life expressed some new phase of self-denial. He lived, not to please himself, but to please Him who bought him with His own precious blood, and now he has heard the welcome "Well done, enter into the joy of thy Lord." *Amelia P. Lowrie.*

* He lived with Mrs. Lowrie and Rev. Walter Lowrie.

Mrs. Lowrie adds in a private note: "Of our dear young friends Dr. and Mrs. Hodge, I do not write, hoping that they are still living." Again, of her class of women: "I promised them over and over that I would return to them in October if I was alive. I never dreamed that they would not be alive. If I only knew they were safe in Heaven I would be glad."

PAOTINGFU PICTURES,

From Photographs taken by C. V. R. Hodge, M.D.

MISSION BUILDINGS BURNED BY THE BOXERS JUNE 30, 1900.

1. West gate of Presbyterian Mission compound. 2. Mrs. Lowrie's house and avenue of trees running from the Inquirers' rooms to the stable. 3. Chapel in front of the Dispensary, the latter seen at extreme right. 4. Entrance from the compound to Dispensary and Dr. Taylor's study. 5. Section of Mr. Miller's house; wards; girls' school faintly seen at end of the trees. Frozen fog on the trees. 6. Homes of Dr. Hodge and Mr. Simcox. 7. Southeast corner of city wall. 8. Bridge over the moat at East gate of Paotingfu. Compare with diagram, p. 279.

The Wei Hien Story.

[A family letter, kindly loaned by Miss Boughton's parents.—Editor.]

Fangtze, June 27, 1900.

My Loved Ones at Home:—I have much to tell you, and you must not be frightened or troubled about me, but only very thankful to God for His great goodness, for indeed, He has dealt wonderfully with us.

Last Friday evening on my way home from Chu Kia Tswang, where I had gone to examine a school, I met Chu Ta Kwoa with a letter from Mr. Fitch saying that war had begun, that we were ordered out from the interior of China and must leave at once. In a few hours I was at home and found that Mr. Fitch was to take Mrs. Fitch and the children, Mrs. Faries and her children and Dr. Edna Parks to the coast. They were to start the next morning. Miss Hawes was in the country and could not get in until Sunday night or Monday. Of course I waited for her, and Mr. Chalfant waited for us both. Everything was then quiet at Wei Hien and we did not apprehend trouble, at least for a few days. I helped get the others off and then busied myself in settling accounts with servants and helpers. The few school girls who were left on the place we got off early Saturday morning. Saturday afternoon I packed my clothing, blankets, books and dishes in trunks and boxes. Sunday was a quiet day. We had our usual services. In the afternoon I had a very nice time with the women. Some of them took part in the service, and all said they were trusting in God and ready to do His will. After the afternoon meeting we received some letters from Ching Chow Fu and, after reading them to me, Mr. Chalfant and I talked about what we had better do. Everything seemed so quiet we were loath to leave our station and thought we would wait and see what Miss Hawes said, and stay if we could.

Miss Hawes came in Sunday night about two o'clock. I was up and dressed, and went out to meet her. She did not want to go away, and I told her what Mr. Chalfant and I had decided, but that we must have everything ready to start if necessary. We both lay down for awhile, but as soon as it began to be light I got up and some Christians came in to see me.

Monday (June 25) we were busy all day packing our own things and other people's. About four o'clock, Miss Hawes and I went to Dr. Faries' house to see if we could put up any of their things. There was a crowd of children in the street, and they ran away, jeering and laughing at us. After this more and more Chinese gathered about the compound, and finally word came to Mr. Chalfant that they had knocked the coping off from Dr. Faries' wall. He went out to see about it. Just at this time one of the Chinese pastors was leaving on a cart that was loaded with the goods of a Chinese sewing woman. As soon as the cart was out of the gate, the pastor was struck and the things all stolen from the cart. Mr. Chalfant went back to his house to get a revolver and told us that he had sent for *shenzas* and we must go at midnight. Soon after he came again and said that we had better go to his house. We went there and he

WENT TO FACE THE MOB.

For over two hours* he kept them back, first standing inside of the wall and afterward on the outside. A letter had been sent to the Chinese official asking for help, but no one came. One soldier carrying a message to another place came to the compound, looked around and went back. After he left, the mob was worse than ever. Mr. Chalfant shot several times into the air. The people shouted that members of the Big Knife Society could not be hurt. Mr. Chalfant then fired into the crowd. Next, the mob attempted to get between Mr. Chalfant and the gate. He made a rush for it and succeeded in getting inside. All this time the mob had been throwing brickbats, and it is wonderful that Mr. Chalfant was not killed. He was not even seriously injured, though the toe of one foot was crushed and is still very painful. It is most plainly the power of God that kept him safe. When Mr. Chalfant came into the compound the south gate

*Three hours, 5 to 8 o'clock, P.M.—Editor.

had been broken in, the mob had come in there and

SET FIRE TO THE CHAPEL.

In the meantime Miss Hawes and I were in Mr. Chalfant's house. Some Christian women came there to see us. They were at first much excited, but soon quieted down. A boy brought us something to eat. We drank some water and ate a few mouthfuls, but it is not necessary to tell you that most of our time was spent in prayer and, indeed, our hearts were constantly lifted in prayer to God. The gate of Mr. Chalfant's yard was bolted and a man sat in front of it with a pitchfork in his hand to defend us. Word came that Mr. Chalfant had been taken and we sent one man to look for him. It was then that the south gate was broken in, and our men rushed there to keep the mob out. Mr. Chalfant came soon after.

We barricaded the doors and windows and went upstairs, several Chinese women, a man and boy, with us. We heard pounding downstairs and the breaking of glass, and saw the flames from the burning chapel and from our (ladies') house. We then went downstairs and out of the east window. There was a ladder lying on the porch and no one in the front yard. Mr. Chalfant and the man put the ladder against the wall and we climbed over. We were seen. Some one threw a brick and we heard a man calling "The foreign devils are escaping: kill them!" but no one followed us. Three men and a boy came with us to this place where the Germans have opened a coal mine.

After getting over the wall we walked quietly along, passing groups of people who spoke kindly to us. I heard some one say "How good it has been to have them here," and his tone evidently meant "and what a pity to send them away." The last group of people we met jeered at us and told us to "go home." We were so thankful when darkness came. We went through the edge of one village and the dogs came out barking at us. Generally there is nothing I am so afraid of as Chinese dogs, but that night I did not think of them. We came to one place where the people were out on the village wall. They were ugly toward us and we turned aside and went around the village, through the fields. We rested several times. Once we sat down for awhile waiting until the road was quiet and people had gone to bed. We left our compound about eight o'clock and

THE NORTH GATE, WHICH MR. CHALFANT DEFENDED AT WEI HIEN.

While Mr. Chalfant was outside the wall, this gate was barred, but at his signal a little door in the gate was opened quickly by the gatekeeper to admit him when he wished to retreat.

reached here at midnight. The Germans were still up and gave us a most cordial welcome. Supper was soon ready for us and beds prepared. I shall never forget the kindness of these people. They have put everything they have at our disposal. There are no ladies here, only German engineers and miners, in all fifteen or sixteen men.

As we look back upon the way God has led us, His love and care seem very wonderful. All the time of the riot, He seemed close beside us and I kept thinking of the verse, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee." When we went upstairs in Mr. Chalfant's house

WE FULLY EXPECTED TO DIE.

So far as we could see there was no escape, but we were all ready to say, "Thy will be done." My earnest prayer

was that I might not in any way dishonor God, but that I might be close to Him to the end. I thought of you all and asked God to be with and comfort you. . . . We have so many things for which to be thankful, and which show plainly that God was caring for us. If the riot had been earlier in the day and we escaping by daylight, in all human probability we could not have gotten away. The ladder by which we escaped had been brought there only the day before for Mr. Chalfant to examine the roof. Just at this season there was no one in the fields. A little earlier or later, the men are out all night watching the crops. Humanly speaking, we owe our lives to Mr. Chalfant. He was *one man against five hundred*,* and he held them back until nearly dark. To the Chinese who came with us here we owe a debt of gratitude we cannot repay.

THEY RISKED THEIR OWN LIVES

to help us. As soon as we reached the coal mines the head of this place sent a telegram asking for German soldiers to escort us to Tsing Tau.† A reply came saying that they will be here Thursday evening. This place is nine miles from our compound.

We saved nothing except what we had on our backs. I had been packing all day and wore an old dress that I expected to throw away. I did have my watch on, but everything else is gone. One school teacher was killed just outside of our compound and a cook was badly beaten. Most or all of our helpers and servants lost all they had at the station, but we have not heard of any others who were injured. I am anxious about the boy I have had so long.

Fangtze is guarded by Chinese soldiers but we do not trust them. They

WOULD KILL US IF THEY DARED.

The Germans are all trained soldiers, brave and strong, accustomed to fighting and danger. The place is under military discipline, but over and above all, "our help cometh from the Lord who made heaven and earth." When the soldiers come these miners will go with us to Tsing Tau. It is best to get away as soon as possible for the road is getting more and more dangerous.

June 28.—Many Christians have been to see us to-day. There is bitter feeling against them and probably many will suffer. My heart aches for them. . . .

Dear Mother, I can imagine how anxious and sad you will feel when you read this account, but you must not; the danger is past, or will be when I finish this letter in Tsing Tau. Only give thanks to God for His great goodness. . . . Christians tell us that some who came to loot perished in the flames. They were upstairs and so anxious to get things that they waited too long and the floor fell with them.

Mrs. Chalfant is in Tsing Tau, on her way home from Shanghai, where she went with Mrs. Wm. Chalfant, whose illness I told you about. Margaret Chalfant went with Dr. Parks; Ned is with his mother.

Papa, I want you, please, to send me some money. I have used a good deal since I commenced keeping house. These last years there has been so much suffering among the people . . . and now losing everything . . . and there will be great suffering among the Chinese and I must help them. You know many have risked their lives and lost their possessions for us, so please send me some money as soon as you can.

June 29.—Last evening two more Germans came from the west. The soldiers have not yet come, but we are getting ready to start this noon. The weather continues good, a great blessing, for rain—which is likely to come at this season—might make traveling impossible.

Tsing Tau, July 4.—We reached here in safety yesterday. Oh, how good God has been to us! . . . The soldiers did not reach us. They were turned back at one place, went around another way, heard a false report that we had gone by another road, then returned and reached the city of Kiao Chow, which is across the bay from Tsing Tau, half a day before us. Chinese soldiers escorted us here. Mr. Bergen, our missionary here, was with the rescue party. While we were still a few miles out from the city they came to meet us. How glad we were to see them! Mr. and Mrs. Chalfant, the children, Mrs. Crossette, Miss Hawes and myself are at Mr. Bergen's. All are well. We are

* And 500 more on-lookers. † On the coast. See map in August issue.—Editor.

expecting the Ichowfu missionaries any moment.

Of course, I cannot now make plans for the future, but God will lead and teach us what is best to do. Mr. and Mrs. Fitch will stay in Japan for a time. Dr. Parks is going to nurse the wounded soldiers. If I had a nurse's training, that is what I would like to do. We came across the bay from Kiao Chow in a launch. Our dirty clothing was soon off and we had a hot bath. A German woman loaned us some underclothing and I have on a silk skirt of Mrs. Crossette's, with a gray waist that Mrs. Chalfant had made for me in Shanghai. The tailor has been here and taken our measures. To-morrow he will have a skirt and shirt waist made for me. I shall not get anything more than I absolutely need at present.

Tsing Tau, July 14.—I am having such a good rest here and getting stronger every day. The air is delightfully bracing and rest will do us all good. Sometimes as I sit here and look off over the water, all the excitement and anxiety seem like a bad dream, but most of the time the trouble is a very present reality, as nearly every day brings its own bad news. We are not cast down; our hearts are sad for the suffering of others, but thankful for God's great goodness to us. It is wonderful how God can be so near and make up for everything else.

I have been busy sewing. It seems strange to start entirely new, without anything of one's own. But these things make so little difference in comparison with one's life.

FROM FANGTZE TO TSING TAU.

We left Fangtze after four o'clock Saturday afternoon; went ten miles that evening. Next day we went about thirty miles. Just as we began to eat dinner we heard a great uproar in front of the inn gate and feared it was the beginning of another riot. The men grasped their weapons and rushed out. They succeeded in quieting the people, but no one was hungry after that. Toward evening we crossed a river where there was only one small boat, and it took several hours to get us over. That night we reached a miserable inn where the people were sullen. Miss Hawes and I slept in a little inner room with a curtain between us and the gentlemen. We heard alarming news of the road ahead of us, but there was nothing to do but push on.

Mr. Bergen with friends and ten soldiers were out nearly a week looking for us and had suffered much. After hard riding they had gone for many hours without food for themselves or horses. One horse died, another went mad, another was brought home disabled. Three times they were attacked by the Chinese. Once there was firing all night.

We are as safe here as anywhere in China; far more than that, we are always safe, for God is with us. After His bringing us out of the fire at Wei Hien I can most certainly say that mine own eyes have seen His great power. With Him we are always safe, and without Him no place is safe. I believe that after this trouble we shall see a greater work in China than we have ever seen before. That night we were fleeing from Wei Hien, as I looked back and saw the flames rising behind me, I thought—These flames will kindle a wonderful work for God in this place and then how glad and happy we shall be. I am more than ever anxious to go back and begin work again, and Wei Hien and the people there are dearer to me than ever. *Emma F. Boughton.*

ADDITIONAL FACTS.

[The writer has reached her home in Pittsburg. See calendar.—EDITOR.]

When I was called in from the country I was teaching the largest and most interesting class I ever had, forty-four women from outside villages and ten from the village we were in, all earnest seekers after the truth. One dear old lady came the morning I left, and was so disappointed when I told her that I must go home. She exclaimed, "Why, here I have come forty *li* on purpose to study the gospel, and now I must go back again." She was a Christian woman and sat down on the floor, as many others had to do owing to a scarcity of seats, and pulled her Bible and hymn-book out of a cotton bag and joined with us in our last service before we separated. God was very present in that service, and *the women all rose*

to signify their willingness to die for Christ if He should put them to the test.

I traveled all that day and most of the night, only stopping to rest and feed the mules at sunset. The people were not friendly in that village and gathered around me. One man said, "Kill her," but they did not touch me. I had five men with me, three helpers and two Christian men, who were kindly going with me for protection.

Mr. Chalfant shot into the air until they closed about him, when in self-defense he shot into the crowd and managed to get through a small opening in the gate and returned to us. The bricks were flying thickly about him as he did so. When he appeared I said, "Oh, Mr. Chalfant, thank God that you are not killed." He shook his head and said, "Yes, but,—" and as he sat down looking so pale I saw there was not hope in his face for our lives. He drank some fresh water and we all ate a little for strength, and then we gathered with the Christians who were in one room waiting for the end.

We heard the smashing of our windows, and saw the flames on either side of us, and we prayed and shook hands together, expecting soon to be massacred or burned in the house. But to Mr. Chalfant's amazement, on looking out of the east window he saw no one in the east yard. We went through the sitting-room window, which reached to the floor, and finding a ladder on the piazza crossed the yard and got safely over the wall, taking our Christian women and men with us. The boxes which we had packed were all on one side of Mr. Chalfant's yard, and evil men were carrying them off, while we gained the chance of escape on the other side.

After we were over the wall we joined hands and walked through the cornfields, praising God for our deliverance. We hid by lying down in the corn till dark and all was quiet, then we crept softly through the fields, avoiding the roads and not daring to speak to each other until ten miles were done and we arrived at the German mines. The Chinese had already set fire to a large shaft of theirs, causing a loss of several thousands of dollars.

Charlotte E. Hawes.

Note.—It is 100 miles from Wei Hien to Tsing Tau. Of five men who voluntarily accompanied the fleeing missionaries as far as the mines, two were non-Christians who had often been employed as barrow men. The faithful Chinese women stopped in a village west of the mines. The outside wall of the Wei Hien property is said to be "intact save the coping," and two millions of bricks, worth $4,000 gold, lie in the ruins of the mission buildings. The place is under guard.

Condition of Christians in Wei Hien Field.

I send you a letter that came a few days ago to Mr. Bergen and Mr. Chalfant. The writer is a Tungchow graduate from our Wei Hien field, a bright young man, the husband of one of those first graduates of our school.

THE LETTER (VERBATIM COPY).

An-kiu Hea-shan, 15th of 6th month, 1900.

Dear Mr. Burgain and Mr. Chalphant:—The conditions of An Kü (Lin Kü), Chang Loa, three districts, at present time are as follows: Robbers and mobs consulted together to plunder articles and female persons of Christian people and they had already doue so at several places, as in . . . , . . . and . . . . , etc. The rest are all in danger, many of us do not dare to sleep but gaurd the houses with guns or other weapons. For this, the good Christians are nearer to God and the weak ones weaker.

And further, many bad notes are seen on the town-gates, and many people begin to learn "I Hwoa tan." The worst thing is the decree which came to the above districts on the 12th of 6th month, the said decree praises "I Hwoa tan" and urge people to learn it. Whereupon the magistrate had called two or more to reject the Gospel to keep away the calamity which will fall. Thank to God, none of us obey the magistrate's command.

Please tell us will the foreigu army reach Peking? Will China be divided or Kwang-Shü be restored? Will this evil pass soon?

Dear Pastors, inform us how to endure and resist these difficulties.

The great point of this letter is that we wish you send words to Chefoo official and let him write to the magistrates to give us a little ease and we will exceeding grateful to you. *Please answer us in Chinese language.*

Your sincere freinds,

Elders and Christians of the three districts.

This letter is but a specimen of the daily reports that come to us from the

interior. Sometimes it seems dreadful to have left the Christians alone to the persecutions that are now their daily portion, but our being in the interior would only aggravate matters, if indeed we were allowed to live at all. The Catholic priests also had to flee. Twice rescue parties have gone by sea hoping to find them but no word can be had.

Already many of the well-to-do Christians have been looted and driven from their homes. So far as we can hear no one has yet been killed in Wei Hien field, except the school teacher who lost his life the night the compound was burned. For the first few days after our property was destroyed, the Chinese officials really did try to protect the Christians, but soon they had different orders, and proclamations were posted up by some and withheld by others to the effect that unless followers of "the Jesus doctrine" gave up this religion and returned to heathen worship they must suffer dire consequences. It is openly known by all that persecution and looting are highly proper and will receive no punishment. The soldiers sent by Yuan Shih K'ai, the Governor of Shantung, to protect the ruins of our compound, carried on quite a flourishing business in selling brick and grain left in the schoolhouses. Our various goods and chattels were exposed for sale at the next market. The official passed through and made no comment, so the people said, "It is all right." The same thing happens when mules and cattle belonging to Christians are sold cheap at markets. The soldiers say, "You must have taken this animal from some Christian if you can sell it so cheaply." Then they laugh and acknowledge it to be the case.

When Mr. Chalfant and the two ladies came down from the German mines, it was well they were guarded by seventeen Germans, all men with military training and bristling with firearms. We have since heard from many sources that the soldiers (100 Chinese), given them by Yuan Shih K'ai to protect them, urged the people in every village to rise up, promising not to interfere. But the ordinary Chinese village thinks twice before attacking well armed foreigners. You can imagine the helpless state of the Christians under these circumstances. To what earthly power can we appeal?

We hear that the Christians in one of the stations in our Wei Hien field have recanted. The official gives them a certain number of days to do so, and they must wear a red handkerchief on their heads as evidence. Our informant tells us it is reported that they have recanted but adds: "If it is true, they have only done it after suffering much. Having been cast out of their homes, women and children have lived in the fields for days, hiding in the tall kalion, hastily moving from place to place, the cries of the hungry children making known their whereabouts." This is only the beginning, we fear.

We hear that in some places the looters are not satisfied with taking from the Christians, but are treating the well-to-do heathen in the same way. If allowed to go on this movement means riot and pillage for all alike before long. Two thousand German soldiers are expected here Aug. 10, and 18,000 more have left Germany. It is supposed here in Tsing Tau that this means that German garrisons will be established all over Shantung. We know not how to receive such knowledge, whether to welcome it with the hope that order will reign hereafter, or whether it is to be deplored. But our reception of the knowledge will make no difference with the German government.

The future for mission work looks gloomy indeed, but surely it has been taken out of our hands for the present. We are not half as interested in it as God is, and if He is allowing all these dreadful things to take place, there is surely some great good to come out of it. The loss of our mission property at Wei Hien is not a small thing, but, compared to the loss of precious lives and the persecution and sufferings of our Chinese brethren, it seems small. We are most comfortably settled with Mr. and Mrs. Bergen here in Tsing Tau. Dr. Parks is coming soon from Chefoo. Dr. Fleming and Dr. Johnson are also here. What a blessing that the Bergens had built this house, for rents are exorbitant, and no quarters to be had.

(*Mrs. F. H.*) *Jennie M. Chalfant.*

PERSIA.

Miss Mary K. Van Duzee wrote from Urumia, May 30:

I am sitting out here in a shady corner of the roof, with the voice of birds all around me, the beautiful blue sky overhead. The air is so pure up here, that I try to bring my work and sit an hour every day. I attended to all my household cares before coming, so I feel quite free until noon. I gave out the materials necessary to make soft ginger cakes and explained how to mix them to the girl who is learning to be my cook.

I expect Mrs. Wilson in from the college about ten o'clock to go with me to call on one or two Moslem families. She speaks Turkish nicely, and has a wonderful talent for talking to the people in ways that are very helpful, and she uses her talent faithfully. We are

ENJOYING OUR TABRIZ FRIENDS

very much, but as they live at the college and we at the city, we do not see as much of them as we could wish. By "we," I mean Miss Dean and myself. Mrs. Rhea has kept her knowledge of the Syriac language wonderfully well, and the women are simply delighted to see her and listen when she talks to them. She has already addressed two large meetings of women, and we hope to have a meeting of the Alumnæ, which will give her an opportunity to meet the graduates of the seminary.

My heart aches for the darkness around our people in the mountains. Mr. Coan has just left us to make another long tour. He expects to go directly to Van and enter the mountains from there. He plans

TO BE ABSENT UNTIL SEPTEMBER.

Our earnest prayers follow him, for the country is very unsettled and several tribes of Kurds are on the warpath, so that roads are dangerous, and the heat of summer is perhaps as much to be dreaded as Kurds.

A SURVIVING TRADITION.

This is Ascension Day with Nestorians, a holiday in the schools, a time for general exodus into the fields and orchards, for tea-drinking and games. It is also the custom for little girls to dress as brides and go around to houses where each one gives her a present: rice, eggs, tea and sugar, or money. The bride is typical of the church, which is thus reminded to be glad, not sorry, for Christ is coming again, a Bridegroom to claim His Bride.

THE SWEET THOUGHT OF AN ORIENTAL CHRISTIAN.

One of our Nestorian women was telling me, a few days ago, of a new house which they were building. They have always lived in a rented room, but now her husband has purchased a place of his own. The masons were laying the foundations of the house, and she invited a few friends to go over with her one afternoon to drink tea in the new yard and together pray for God's blessing on the house, thus dedicating it to God. Then she took some loose leaves of an old Testament, and built them into the foundation. I believe God will accept the act and bless her and hers, when they come there to live.

I have been looking over a list of the graduates of the seminary and find that I must send out 163 invitations *to those who are near enough to come* to Urumia, besides those who are scattered in Hamadan, Kirmanshah, Vladikafkas, Tiflis, America, Maragha and the far-away mountains.

Miss Jewett wrote from Mianduab, March 23:

On the 12th of December I left Tabriz for this place, where I have been since. I have had quite a busy and interesting winter of work. A few days after my arrival my little school assembled, and through the winter days and evenings too I devoted myself to it. The warmer weather coming on consid-

erably distracted and scattered the boys, some to the fields, some to the vineyards. Then came preparations for the vernal equinox, March 21, which the Persians keep as New Year's. Now we are in the midst of these New Year festivities. For the next two months and a half I shall have a class of girls, whose chief desire is to learn sewing and hand work; some of them will have reading lessons. Then I have visitors and make visits and thus am kept busy all the week days.

I have a Sabbath-school with my pupils in my room, and a second Sabbath-school with Armenians in the room of our Armenian teacher. Sunday afternoon meetings have varied; sometimes a few, sometimes a room full, sometimes men, sometimes women, sometimes boys and girls, sometimes a mixed company. The Lord always gives me a word for them. It is impossible for me to estimate the work done and the influence exerted, for I find that my pupils and those to whom I have spoken tell it to others, and so the leaven works. There have been a good many companies of men meeting night after night to discuss spiritual things. Sometimes they have a reader among them. Then they read from the Testament and discuss its meaning.

IN TRUE PERSIAN VILLAGES.

MISS BEABER wrote from ILKECHEK, June 12:

I am off on my first tour, and enjoying it immensely. To-day Dr. Bradford and I went to a village an hour's ride from here, a town of seven or eight hundred houses, much larger than this. As we were riding, a man hailed us and invited us to his garden. He ordered the servants to sweep the little house in the garden, and they brought carpets and ice-water, and the women came to see Dr. She read from the New Testament.

Our host took us to his house for dinner, which brought us back to the civilization of Tabriz. After our welcome, water was brought for us to wash our hands and faces, then a large colored calico sheet containing bread was spread before us. Afterwards a tray with dishes of some sort of stew, mint and cheese, curds, iced buttermilk and preserved turnip. There were two large wooden spoons, with one of which we drank the buttermilk and used the other for the stew. We used our fingers and the bread for knives and forks. One woman noticed that I had my foot stretched out instead of crossed under me, and she asked if I was perishing. Dr. explained that I am not yet used to sitting such long times on my feet. The women were so uncomfortable because they thought our shoes were hot to us, that we finally took them off.

After our meal was finished the sick began to come in and be brought in.

JAPAN.

MRS. WINN wrote from KARUIZAWA, Aug. 15:

Although we first came to this country nearly twenty-three years ago we have been to this mountain resort for a few days at a time, only twice before.

Karuizawa is not shut in a narrow gorge as so many mountain villages are, but is situated on a broad plain 3,000 feet high, with high hills on every side of such grotesque and striking contour as to suggest volcanic origin.

The most prominent peak is Osama Yama. Last evening Mr. Winn with three of our children and quite a large company of missionaries started for this mountain. They go to the foot on horseback, and the ascent takes nearly all night. That time of day is chosen in order to secure the glorious sunrise and a good view of the crater.

HOW ONE PROBLEM WAS SETTLED.

But I cannot go further without telling you of the great joy we have had in the return of our three children from the United States. Our elder daughter has just graduated from college and will be with us for some time. Our son and younger daughter will be with us only a year and then (D. V.) go back to complete their college course. This year at home, after our separation, will be of such benefit to them and such a joy to ourselves, that we shall be amply rewarded for the expense of the journey. We feel that we cannot afford to let our children grow up without strong family ties, and yet it seems plainly our duty to spend these best years of our lives in working for these dear people. The home coming of the children is our solution of this difficult problem.

LOSS TO CHINA, GAIN FOR JAPAN.

So many refugees are pouring into this country from poor China that we are all going to have our houses and schools filled to their utmost capacity. Our hearts are filled with sympathy for these missionaries who are obliged to flee from their homes and work, and we hope to turn to good account their prolonged visit to Japan. There are so many young men and women in this country who understand some English, that good work can be done by those who do not use Japanese. I have wondered if it can be a part of God's plan to send so much help to Japan just now,

that the work in this country may be pushed forward with greater energy and success. Most of the older missionaries feel the importance of increasing our efforts just now. The influence of Christianity is felt more widely in all circles of society than ever before.

IMPORTANT NEWSPAPER TESTIMONY.

There recently appeared in the *Japan Mail*, which is the most popular secular paper in this country, an article in which I was much interested. It gave many facts to prove that, although the converts to Christianity are few yet, in this country, in proportion to the population, still the number of Christians in high positions of responsibility is large. In the present Diet, besides the Speaker, who has been twice elected, there are thirteen members who are Christians, among them some of the most influential men in the House. It is entirely due to the efforts of these Christian members of Parliament that the law was introduced, and carried through the past year, forbidding the use of tobacco among very young men. I cannot but feel that the praying women behind the scenes had something to do with it too, and it is a victory we are all grateful for.

It has always been particularly hard to do Christian work in the army. It is a popular sentiment among the soldiers that they are to

LIVE AND DIE FOR THEIR EMPEROR,

and they cannot have any object to worship higher than he; yet there are 155 Christian officers, which is three per cent. of their number. There are also many Christian officers in the navy. Two of their largest men-of-war are commanded by Christian captains.

A few years ago in the universities and higher schools a Christian teacher could not find employment; now there is a large proportion of Christians compared with the total number, both among teachers and students.

The Christian students always rank among the highest, and obtain a large proportion of the scholarships. From one of the best schools in Japan six students are at present studying abroad, five of whom are Christians.

These and many more facts were given in this recent copy of the *Japan Mail*.

Miss Nivling wrote from Karuizawa:

Miss Glenn and I have come up to the mountains to spend the summer. The smoking crater of Asama Yama is only a few miles away, easily seen from our door except when its summit is draped in clouds. We came through twenty-six tunnels to get here, found our house open, and enjoy the little house with its paper doors and wistaria-covered arbor which serves for verandah. We want to use the mountains as our Master did, that when we return, not only body and mind may be refreshed but we may be strong in the Lord and in the power of His might, for the work before us.

CHINA.

Mrs. Shoemaker wrote from Ningpo, July 18:

. . . We hope to be able to remain in Ningpo all summer, but are living with our trunks packed ready to go if the Consul so orders. It seems hard to go away and leave the Chinese Christians, but there is really nothing we can do for them. Some of those in the country have endured a good deal from a band of ruffians who say they are going to imitate the Boxers in the North and kill all the Christians. These men have extorted large sums of money from some of the Christians, threatening them with death if it was not paid. The official refuses to do anything to put down these people, though Mr. Shoemaker has had instructions sent him through the Governor of the Province.

We are very glad to see the faith and trust that the Christians show in these times of danger. They realize the gravity of the situation.

Miss Schaeffer wrote from Kiung Chow, Hainan, July 11:

The terrible news that comes from Peking overshadows everything else at present. How I hope the report that all foreigners were massacred is not correct, but it is altogether likely to be true. The Chinese here who have heard of it are, like ourselves, just wondering what next. Our American Consul in Canton has written advising women and children to get to ports of safety, but one does not like to flee unless it is absolutely necessary, and where should we flee to? We are hoping that we can quietly stay where we are. At the same time, I doubt whether there is a missionary on the island who has not looked up his finances to see what he could do in the way of living in an already crowded place like Hong Kong, or has not at least looked over his clothes to see what he could take that would make a light bundle and yet comprise the necessaries. These events will certainly bring about such a shaking up as China never had, and who knows but those who have given their lives for China may be the means in God's hands of bringing in a new and better day for the gospel of Christ in this land.

INDIA.

FAMINE RELIEF.

MRS. EDGAR WILSON wrote from SANGLI, July 13:

The money sent out by our Board has enabled us to help a good many people. We have nearly forty boys who have come in ones and twos. Over 2,000 people receive a daily allowance of rice and *pice*. Adults get two pice and children one apiece, daily, or its equivalent in rice; a very small allowance but it keeps them from starvation. A *pice* is equal to one cent. Mrs. Jolly has over thirty women making garments for the most needy children.

We are having a well dug for the outcast people, and Mr. Jolly has started a new bungalow, and this furnishes work. Men are paid seven *pice* a day, and thousands would work gladly for this amount.

The saddest sight we see is the little children and babies, just bags of bones. We give them a daily allowance of milk. Many of them are opium babies, and with the opium and famine together they are dreadful sights. Over 130 women have our tickets to get milk. We have also about 300 people who are fed daily morning and evening; 200 of these are children.

We have meetings for our work people. One Mohammedan was received into the church by baptism on Sunday last, and two school-boys on profession of their faith.

The pastor of KOLHAPUR, REV. SHIVARAM MASOJI, wrote to Mrs. Wilder, July 10:

There is no plague or cholera in the town at present. We are having good rain and the fields and meadows look green and beautiful. I hope God will give us a good crop this year and graciously remove famine and pestilence from our dear country. Oh, what a good opportunity He has given to the people of India to repent and seek the Lord!

Our share of the generous gift of corn from the Christian people of America arrived here last week and will be a great help to the suffering poor. God bless your people for all what they do for us in this time of calamity.

It is a real pleasure to behold the bright and happy faces of the more than 75 children which God has given to Miss Wilder in answer to her prayer. They are staying in the camp hospital at present. I trust God will give them a permanent home before long. I often go to see them and try to help Miss Hamilton. She takes great pains and interest in the care and welfare of the children. How delighted you will be when you see the cheerful faces of so many whose lives have been saved through you.

MISS MCGAUGHEY wrote from the girls' school, ALLAHABAD, July 19:

Three Mohammedan girls asked to be taken into the school that they might be taught so that they could become Christians. There was no one to pay for them, but the opportunity seemed too great to be lost so I wrote to Mrs. ———, who has added another to her many kindnesses by sending enough for all three. We opened school July 10, with many new girls. I think perhaps we have the largest number ever enrolled; such jungly little creatures as many of them are, and usually, one or two ill with some little trouble.

We are now enjoying lovely rains—began last week; we can hardly be thankful enough. The heat this summer has been awful. Allahabad has been the second hottest place in India. I was in the hills at the time of the worst, still I hope never to undergo ten days worse than the last before the rains broke.

Do remind the Board that this year there are *two* of us trying to hold the same fort that *four* held last year; and two of them were experienced workers. You cannot believe what a blessing a good teacher of music here would be; and calisthenics too. We have one whole class—the Tenth—of extra work. They go up for Government entrance examinations. Last year I taught in the higher mathematics classes, but my time has to be limited and I vowed a mighty vow that I *would* teach Bible to some of the classes, which I am doing. Time seems to just leak away in little things as well as with bills and accounts. If I could hear that some capable young woman was coming to us I should be fairly overjoyed.

MEXICO.

MRS. SEMPLE wrote from their new station, CHILPANCINGO, August 16:

Chilpancingo is very pleasant and everything is growing luxuriantly now during the rainy season.

The city is right in the midst of mountains, the foothills of the Sierra Madre rising from the other side of the small river which flows just west of us. From the corridor of the mission house we have wonderful views of gorgeous sunsets and awe-inspiring storm clouds gathering over the crests of the mountains. One great disadvantage is that we are ninety-five miles from the railroad, and this distance has to be traversed on horseback, a three-days' ride including stops.

HOME DEPARTMENT

MISSION STUDIES FOR YOUNG PEOPLE—November, 1900.

BIBLE LESSON.—Topic: Difficulties encountered by St. Paul. 1. Physical difficulties. 2. Lack of spiritual discernment. 3. Heathen environment. 4. Jewish training. 5. Opposition from other teachers. 6. 1st Corinthians an illustration of these difficulties. (New Testament Studies in Missions, pp. 32–34, S. V. M., 15 cts.)

KOREA.——EVANGELISTIC WORK.

The Hermit Nation. Korea, the little peninsula with conservative China on one side, progressive Japan on the other, mighty Russia close at hand,—what has been her past, who can tell her future? Harassed for centuries, she has at times yielded to her aggressive neighbors, again re-asserting her independence but closing her doors to all intruders. In 1866 there occurred an anti-foreign outbreak, similar to that in China today; thousands of Roman Catholics were massacred. Redress was sought by France and a few years later Korea was forced to open her ports. The war of 1894 placed Korea in the power of Japan, but by unwise measures she lost her hold and Russian influence predominated. The liberal party advocates progress on Western lines, several leaders are Christians; conservatives resist the advance.

Consult: "Missions and Politics in Asia," Speer, pp. 227-248; Asia number of *Independent*, May, '99; Historical Sketches; "Concise History of Missions," pp. 209-210; *Miss'y Review of World*, Apr., '99, Apr., 1900, May, 1900.

Our Church in Korea. The story of our missions in Korea is of striking interest. Only sixteen years ago our first messenger was sent, but foreigners were hated, the country was upheaved with strife,—very quietly must he enter the new field. Appointed as legation physician, Dr. Allen began his work. His services won him favor with officers and king, a royal hospital was opened. Other missionaries came, and although no government guarantee of safety was given, they could soon work unhindered. Patient teaching and loving interest won little circles of believers. In time of war with Japan the Christians alone were calm and strengthened their fellows; as they were scattered they taught the truth. We have now five stations, 48 missionaries, 2,804 communicants. The country has been favorably impressed with Christianity from king to coolies; 467 copies of our religious weekly are subscribed for by the government. Korean Christians are most patriotic; they mark the Sabbath by flying the national colors from their homes. Our work has thus far been largely evangelistic and medical; education is now claiming attention. Woman's work, important from the first, has been a model in method and consecrated zeal. A missionary society originated in the hearts of the Korean women.

Consult: Ann. Rept., 1900, pp. 157-178; "Fifteen Years in the Korea Mission" (pamphlet, free); "Missions and Politics in Asia," pp. 249-258; *Assembly Herald*, Mar., Apr., May, 1900; WOMAN'S WORK FOR WOMAN, Aug., '99; November magazines; Miss'y Appeal, pp. 142, 364-366.

A Modern Pentecost. The harvest in the new field demands joyous thanksgiving. During last year the church gained 40 per cent. in membership, 841 persons were baptized, 258 congregations were self-supporting, the Christians gave $6,620 for church purposes; 136 humble chapels are now owned by the people. The missionaries have preached from place to place, diligently sowing the seed, forming as they could companies of Christians, each with a leader from their own number. These are taught to worship and study together, and to go forth each with a message to their neighbors. Missionaries visit them from time to time, training classes are held for their instruction, baptism is administered after long probation. The people are ignorant, poor, often persecuted, yet they joyfully spread the gospel. The phenomenal growth of this mission is attributed largely to this principle of impressing on each Christian his duty in winning souls. (Consult same references as above.)

(NOTE TO LEADERS.—*Every Society should have a telling meeting on Korea, a true thanksgiving service. Send to Chas. W. Hand, 156 Fifth Ave., N. Y., for "Fifteen Years in Korea Mission," free, also for Ann. Rept. of '99-'00, if not yet secured. Place map and statistics on board; give every member something to do; pray and praise definitely.*)

SUGGESTIONS.—1. *Discussion.* Korean motto (Ann. Rept., p. 165)—would it be a good one for us? 2. *A Korean Chain.* Early heroes; method; incidents ("Fifteen Years," pp. 3, 13-20); strange debate; unusual regret; model work (Ann. Rept., pp. 161, 171-2, 174); Mr. Speer's farewell (Miss'y Appeal, p. 142); Am. miners and missions (*Assembly Herald*, Apr., 1900, p. 523). 3. *Book Reviews:* "Korea and Her Neighbors," Isabella Bird Bishop; "Korean Sketches," Gale; "Every-Day Life in Korea," Gifford. 4. *A Talk:* Effect on Korean missions of troubles in China. 5. *Thoughts.* Lessons Korean Christians may teach us.

Evangelistic Work.

This department of service—the first seed-sowing—has always been dear to the missionary, and its annals are most in demand. It is the preliminary step in any field, and after a station has been established and the work developed on varied lines, the missionary reaches out to new territory, giving a part of his time to itinerating, as it is called. Thousands of miles are annually traversed, often on foot, thousands of souls are reached. It is a work of exploration, of preparation; renewed visits test results, instruct believers, perhaps open a station. The study of Korea furnishes a model of evangelistic work; the lives of pioneer missionaries give notable examples.

Consult: "Modern Missions in the East," Lawrence, pp 165–176 (*excellent*); "In the Tiger Jungle," Chamberlain, ch. 1, 2, 5, 8, 11 (vivid accounts), Miss'y Appeal, pp. 439–453; Concise History of Missions, pp. 265–273.

L. B. Allen.

Above furnished on separate sheets each month. Price 2 cts. per copy, 15 cts. a dozen. Order from "*Studies*," care of WOMAN'S WORK, 156 Fifth Ave., New York.

Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature.—Mark xvi: 15.

THE following verses are sent by our friend Rev. Chas. J. Boppell to whom they brought comfort in the hour of his sore trial in Africa. He suggests that they may be "of equal comfort to some of the many hearts now so sorely tried for the loved ones who have laid down or are risking their lives for the Crucified, in China."

In loving tones the Saviour's parting words are said,
"Go ye, go ye,
'Tis my command, and preach my word of life
To all the dead."

One answers back, voice o'ercharged with fear and dread,
"Not me, not me,
Oh, Lord! some other send to bear Thy message
And raise the dead."

From distant clouds a voice comes echoing sad,
"Go ye, go ye,
I loved you unto death, so love ye these
To death," it said.

Mother hearts in anguish sore now throb and swell,
"Not mine, not mine,
Oh, Lord!" they cry; "others' jewels call and send
Thy love to tell."

In sorrowing tone replies the Crucified,
"Send these, send these.
My all I gave for thee; that thou mightest live
I bled and died."

Oh, for more hearts like that brave one of old to cry,
"Send me, send me,
Here, Lord, am I, send me and mine where'er Thou wilt
To live or die." N. W.

LEXINGTON, VA.

A WARNING ABOUT FREIGHT.

Word was circulated through a Presbyterial society of a Western State that dolls were wanted by a missionary in Japan. Thereupon auxiliary societies began to forward dolls, each society by itself, until twenty-seven parcels and forty letters about them were received in New York by the Treasurer of the Board of Foreign Missions.

It was the correct thing to send the dolls to Mr. Hand, because they are forwarded at low rates from New York *via* the Suez Canal, all the way by water to Japan. The mischief was that they were sent to New York in twenty-seven express packages instead of one; that there were twenty-seven bills instead of one bill to be collected by a busy shipping clerk, and forty letters to answer instead of one or two. The cost of *transporting* those dolls (aside from the money invested in the dolls themselves) was fifty dollars—whereas, if the societies had each sent its parcel to some central locality and all had been packed in one box for New York, the cost of transportation, not from the central place, but *from the hands of the givers*, would not have exceeded twenty dollars. We are sure that societies will wish to know such a fact as this, and to guard themselves against wasting money upon unnecessary expressage.

Packages of dolls addressed to Miss Thiede of India have now begun to arrive at the Mission Rooms, and unless the kind friends who are purposing to thus remember Miss Thiede can find some way to act together, we shall have a repetition of the experience quoted—on a smaller scale perhaps, because the greater the distance from New York the larger the express bill.

SUGGESTION CORNER.

FROM Boonton, N. J.:

Programme for August: a midsummer Porch Meeting.

FROM Rev. H. R. Lewis, Wamego, Kas. [in response to helps asked for]:

Your package, prepaid, came yesterday. I can hardly find words to express my sense of your kindness and that of the Board. Should I live fifteen months longer I will have reached fourscore. Two years ago Providence opened my way to engage in earnest to gather this little flock, some of whom have been under my care more or less for twenty-five years, and all practically for ten years past. And now we are an organized church with three elders, two deacons, and also incorporated. Have services every Sabbath; just started our Sunday-school (not a month old, 42 present last Sabbath) and are getting ready to hold first missionary concert. Subject selected, "Sandwich Islands."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

A Summer Journey to Brazil. By Alice R. Humphrey. (Bonnel, Silver and Company.) Cloth, 12 mo, illustrated, $1.25.

Those who enjoyed Mrs. Humphrey's sketches of Brazil in the *Evangelist* last year, will recognize the same easy, touch-and-go style in this new effort. A hundred pages are occupied with the "Journey" and fifty more pages of "Appendix" contain a compilation of facts upon a variety of important subjects: the historical naval episode of '94, in which American merchant ships figured; American school system of Brazil; a sketch of Mr. McKenzie, founder of the college at San Paulo, etc. This volume offers good points for missionary workers, upon a country which is too little familiar to our people.

The Situation in China. Robert E. Speer. (Fleming H. Revell Company.) Paper cover, 60 pp., price 10 cts.

This timely little volume should be well circulated. Mr. Speer has taken the third chapter of his "Missions and Politics in Asia," prefaced it with a fresh introduction and printed them together.

Story of the Manchuria Mission. Mrs. Duncan M'Laren. (Offices of U. P. Church, Edinburgh, Scotland.) Ill'd, 136 pp. and map.

Another timely (small) book, which was written four years ago. Both a great and a tragic chapter must now be added to bring this history to date, for a powerful religious awakening in 1899 added 2,500 souls to the Manchuria church, and, though no missionary lives have been sacrificed by Boxers in the recent destruction, persecution and death have been visited upon the Christians, and mission buildings have been generally wrecked. It is delightful to review the twenty-eight years of initiating and upbuilding of this mission, which in 1900 reports a church of over 10,000 members.

One Hundred Girls of India. Mary J. Campbell. (Press of Hann & Adair, Columbus, Ohio.) Paper cover, 95 pp.

The author is a member of the United Presbyterian Mission (American) in Sialkot, and her simple annals are confined to what she has seen there. Remarkable instances of self-denial are recorded in Chapter 7, about an Indian pastor who voluntarily dispensed with his salary from America, and, Chapter 9, about Indian school children who gave all their spending money for orphans in Iowa.

SINCE LAST MONTH.

ARRIVALS:

Rev. Wm. P. Chalfant and family are addressed at Los Angeles, Cal.

August 4.—At San Francisco, Rev. and Mrs. R. H. Bent from China. Address, 2212 Beech Avenue, Baltimore, Md.

August 7.—At New York, Miss Hunter from Colombia. Address, Greensburg, Pa.

August 7.—At Montreal, Rev. and Mrs. J. W. Hawkes, Persia. Address, Ballston, N. Y.

August 8.—At New York, Rev. and Mrs. J. M. Irwin from the W. India Mission. Address, 226 N. Fifth St., Steubenville, Ohio.

August 8.—At Vancouver, Miss Charlotte Hawes from Wei Hien, China. Address, 618 Aiken Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.

August 17.—At San Francisco, Chas. Denman, M.D., and family from the Laos Mission. Address, Princeton, N. J.

August 20.—At New York, Miss Bartlett from Teheran, Persia. Address, Kingston, Ind.

August 29.—At Vancouver, Rev. W. L. Swallen and family from Korea. Address, Johnstown, Ohio.

September 1.—At New York, Rev. Frank Hickman from Africa. Address, Berwyn, Pa.

September 1.—At Allegheny, Pa., Rev. and Mrs. C. C. Millar from Mexico.

September 3.—At Tacoma, Wash., Rev. Geo. Cornwell and family from Chefoo, China. Address, Yorktown Heights, N. Y.

DEPARTURES:

August 11.—From San Francisco, Miss Lillian A. Wells to join the East Japan Mission.

August 18.—From New York, all for Persia:

Rev. J. L. Potter returning to Teheran, leaving Mrs. Potter in Ledgewood, N. J.
Miss Leinbach and Dr. Jessie Wilson returning to Hamadan.
W. S. Vanneman, M.D., and family returning to Tabriz.
Dr. Blanche Wilson to join the East Mission at Hamadan.
Rev. Chas. R. Pittman and Rev. Chas. C. Sterrett to join the West Mission.

August 20.—From Vancouver, Rev. C. N. Whittemore returning to Korea.

August 21.—From San Francisco, Rev. A. V. Bryan and family returning to Japan.

August 23.—From New York, Miss Alice Barber returning to Beirût, Syria.

September 8.—From New York, Rev. and Mrs. J. P. Graham returning to the W. India Mission. Their daughter, Miss Isabella Graham, to join the mission.
Rev. Alexander W. Marshall to join the W. India Mission.

September 10.—From Vancouver, O. R. Avison, M.D., and family returning to Korea.

September 13.—From New York, Rev. S. M. Gillam to join the Furrukhabad Mission.

September 15.—From San Francisco, all to join the Korea Mission:
Rev. and Mrs. Geo. Beck, Rev. C. H. Hernheisel, Miss Eliza M. Howell, Rev. C. E. Sharp, Miss Velam Snook, Rev. A. G. Welbon.

September 15.—From San Francisco, Rev. Leon C. Hills, to the Philippines.

MARRIAGE:

June 26.—At Wenchow, China, Miss Jennie H. Sherman, formerly of the W. India Mission, to Robert Grierson of the China Inland Mission. Address, Wenchow.

DEATH:

August 14.—In hospital at Sarnia, Ontario, Dr. Mary Brown of Wei Hien, China.

RESIGNATIONS:

Mrs. Geo. H. Ferris, W. India Mission. Appointed 1898.
Rev. and Mrs. Turner Brashear, W. Persia Mission. Appointed 1890.
Miss Grace G. Russell, W. Persia. Appointed 1891.
Miss Schenck, East Persia Mission. Appointed 1877.
Rev. and Mrs. V. F. Partch, Shantung, China. Appointed 1888.
Rev. J. N. B. Smith, Central China. Appointed 1881.
Mrs. J. N. B. Smith (Miss Strong). Appointed 1882.
Miss R. Y. Miller, Shantung, China. Appointed 1893.

TO THE AUXILIARIES.

[FOR ADDRESS OF EACH HEADQUARTERS AND LIST OF OFFICERS SEE THIRD PAGE OF COVER.]

From Philadelphia.

Send all letters to 501 Witherspoon Building. Directors' meeting first Tuesday of the month and prayer-meeting third Tuesday, each beginning at eleven o'clock. Visitors welcome.

October. Prayer Union.—*Our Auxiliaries.*

OUR Home Secretaries' annual autumn letter will be received by the presbyterial presidents about the date of the issue of this magazine. Setting forth, as it will, full information in regard to the aim of the Society, and the helps prepared for our workers, we bespeak for it earnest and careful attention.

THE following extract from a letter by one of our recently returned missionaries to the Laos, may prove a hint to societies who may not be giving their missionaries the sympathy and prayer they so much need:

"You will be glad to learn that the society which adopted me is as good as possible in writing to me, thus showing their interest in me. They are building a new church and my name was put in the cornerstone. In their manual they have their pastor's, their church foreign missionary, and my name in full. Dr. P—— prays for me and 'our work which she is doing' each Sabbath morning, and I have letters from many of the members. It makes all the difference in the world what the attitude of one's church or society is in regard to the work."

OUR Library has recently been enriched by a donation of twenty-eight books on missions and kindred subjects from the collection of the late Mrs. S. C. Perkins. The gift is doubly precious since the intrinsic value of the books is enhanced by their association with one whose presence is so much missed in every branch of our work. Several books of timely interest have been added during the summer, and all our workers in the society of Philadelphia are cordially invited to avail themselves of the advantages of the Library.

THE following new leaflets indicate that our Publication Committee has not been idle through the summer months: *Old and New China* (revised), 3 cts.; *The Club Woman and Church Work*, 1 ct.; *Rewards of Liberality* (praise service), 10 cts. per doz., 50 cts. per 100; *A Leader's Leaflet for Bands and Miss. Committee*, 5 cts.; *Suggestions for Young People's Conference*, 2 cts.; *Literature Secretary at Work* (adapted by permission), 2 cts. Send freely for *The Mark Set before Us*, and also, if needed, the statement of *Our Work, Old and New*. For those wishing the latest letters from Persia, copied letters and notes may be had by sending postage. *Dr. Grant* (a hero), 2 cts.; *Home Life in Persia*, 2 cts., and *Historical Sketch, Question Book* and *Illustrated Programme*—all interesting and helpful.

From Chicago.

Meetings at Room 48, Le Moyne Block, 40 E. Randolph Street, every Friday at 10 A. M. Visitors welcome.

"CALL now—unto God—which doeth marvelous things without number," and "Praise His holy Name!" He has heard the many prayers for our missionaries in China. The lives of almost the entire number have been spared. It is true that many of them have lost all of their possessions, and among them things which no money can ever replace; but their precious lives have been preserved. Many of the native Christians, however, have received the martyr's crown, and now look with joy and praise into the face of their Saviour. Are not these saved souls worth all they have cost?

SPECIAL gifts and special efforts must now be made to replace the buildings destroyed and to supply the needs of those who have lost so much. Larger gifts from *every* one is the only way by which this can be accomplished. By the use of the letter-form and pledge-card let every officer seek to increase membership and secure added gifts. To look after the needs of the Lord's "little ones" is our definite promise at His table.

IN looking over the report of the General Board, it is noticeable that there are over two thousand churches which gave nothing to Foreign Missions last year. Look in this column next month to see how many of these churches are in *your* Synodical Society. Many of them are very feeble, with a small membership; but all can pray, and perhaps form such a partnership as did Maisie and Cripple Johnnie in that dear, true story, "A Penny a Week and a Prayer."

"BARREN women are not those to whom God has given no offspring. Barren women are those whose unfruitful lives, year after year, have no offering to lay on His altar in recognition of the loving-kindness and tender mercy that crown every day of Christian birth and nuture. Remembering the past year, famine-stricken India, peril-environed China, war-clouded Africa, who among us will not say, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits towards me?"
—*Woman's Missionary Friend.*

This month occur the meetings of Synodical Societies within our bounds. Pray that these important gatherings may be conceived in wisdom, wrought out in righteousness, and be fruitful in persistent enthusiasm and steady energy throughout the year.

A circular letter of suggestion for methods, and plans of working, has been sent to all Synodical and Presbyterial officers by the Field Secretary.

If local and Presbyterial societies will send copies of .their printed programmes to the Field Secretary at Room 48, they can be made useful as suggestive to other societies.

From New York.

Prayer-meeting at 156 Fifth Ave., cor. 20th St., the first Wednesday of each month, at 10.30 A.M. Each other Wednesday there is a half-hour meeting for prayer and reading of missionary letters, commencing at same hour.

A few weeks before we parted for the summer vacation, we sat together in heavenly places listening to glad news of the coming of the kingdom in all quarters of the world. Between then and now what changes have we experienced! Few of us have escaped hearing, or reading, the sneers of those who fancy that they hear the knell of all missionary work in the fearful storm which has burst upon our beloved friends in China.

"China is better off without the gospel," they cry. "To what purpose is this waste?"

How shall we demonstrate to this host of unbelievers here at home our unfailing confidence in God the Father Almighty?

How best can we prove that the root of our faith strikes down even more deeply when "clouds and darkness are round about Him" than when we sit in the sunshine of an Ecumenical Conference? Is there any better way than by going forward along all the lines of our work more eagerly, more faithfully and with more absolute courage then ever before? Still the Master's command rings out, "Go ye into all the world." Still the promise shines before our eyes, "Lo, I am with you alway." Beloved friends and fellow workers, in the name of God, forward! M. H. B.

Our president, Mrs. Beers, will have charge of the prayer-meeting on Wednesday, Oct. 3, at headquarters. The enlargement of the "upper room" will prevent the necessity of using Assembly Hall this winter, thus retaining the informal social element, which greatly enhances the pleasure and profit of our meetings. All are cordially welcome.

Interesting letters have been received from Dr. Mary Burnham and Dr. Sarah Bent, who were obliged to flee from their stations in China, and in their hurried flight were able to save but little of their personal belongings. Dr. Burnham has offered her services to the British admiral as nurse to the sick and wounded at Tientsin. Another letter has come from her written to the Children's Bands.

Rev. R. H. Bent and Mrs. Bent finding no present prospect of continuing their work, have returned to this country on their vacation. They also saved scarcely anything.

Mrs. Crossette is at Tsing Tau, where she went at once upon her return after furlough, Wei Hien having been burned before she could reach the place. Whatever she had stored there is lost, including her books, which she greatly regrets. The striking point in these letters is the absence of complaint, and the brave, cheerful spirit that is shown in each one.

The much-needed medical missionary has at last been found for Allahabad—Dr. Margaret Norris of Staffa, Ontario.

Miss Eliza Howell, newly appointed, representing the Long Island Presbytery, has been transferred from China to Korea.

Relatives and friends of our missionaries in China have been most grateful for the work done for them by the Secretaries of the Board during the past summer in the way of bulletins and telegrams. Dr. Brown, the Secretary for North China, has been indefatigable in his efforts to obtain and give out the news as it has been received. Many expressions of appreciation have been heard on all sides concerning the wisdom of the Board in dealing with its momentous questions.

Leaflets for October: *Historical Sketch of Persia*, 10 cts.; *Questions and Answers*, 5 cts.; *Flash Lights on Persia*, 3 cts.; *Dr. Asahel Grant, Home Life in Persia, What Our Missionary Doctors Do, Medical Missions*, each 2 cts., 15 cts. per dozen; *Woman's Medical Work in Foreign Missions*, 3 cts., 30 cts. per dozen.

From Northern New York.

The semi-annual meeting of the Woman's Presbyterian Foreign Missionary Society of Northern New York will be held in the First Presbyterian Church of Lansingburgh, N. Y., the Rev. Chas. H. Walker, pastor, on Thursday, Oct. 11.

The sessions will open with a devotional service at 9.45 A.M. Mrs. Reutlinger of Benito, West Africa, will give an address at the morning session. The afternoon session will begin at 2 o'clock. The missionary address will be given by the Rev. P. H. Laughlin, Chiningchow, China. At this session the Secretary for Young People's Work will speak, and it is expected that an informal talk on the benefits of mission study classes, as well as other useful methods for young people's work, will be given.

Lunch will be served, by the ladies of the church, to all in attendance. If any delegates are unable to make train connections, they will be entertained over night if they will notify Miss E. F. Bates, First Avenue and 16th St., Lansingburgh, N. Y., not later than Oct. 4. Trains on the Belt Line leave Albany, for Troy, every half hour. Connections are made in Troy for Lansingburgh via the trolley line.

From San Francisco.

Public meeting at 920 Sacrrmento Street the first Monday in each month at 10.30 A.M. and 1.15 P.M. All are invitcd. Executive Committee, third Monday.

Mrs. A. P. Lowrie of Paotingfu, China, left there just before the troubles arose and came as the guest of her daughter, Mrs. B. C. Atterbury, to San Rafael. She spoke at a reception of the Occidental Board when her

son, Rev. Walter Lowrie, with scores of others less dear to her, were surrounded by the foe. Every heart was touched. An English missionary from China *en route* to London, addressing a large audience at our Mission Home, said, speaking of the battle scenes from which he had just fled; "When the shot and shell were flying around us at Tientsin on every side, young Lowrie called me aside and said, 'Do you believe there are twenty righteous people in this city?' 'I know it,' I replied. 'Then step in here a minute and let us pray,' Mr. Lowrie said, and we went." The missionary added, "Our words were few, only a sentence or two each." Mrs. Lowrie has been active in missionary work since coming here.

THESE returned missionaries are speaking on every side, and ears heretofore closed are now wide open to hear of the scenes of world-wide interest from which they have come. We hope our auxiliaries will avail themselves of this opportunity to interest the uninterested.

MISS GRACE RUSSELL, sent out through the Brooklyn Church, East Oakland, has returned to her home in Oakland after her long service in the girls' school, Urumia, Persia. Before she reached her home in California she was very ill, and compelled to remain at Clifton Springs. She is now able to drive out. While her life was despaired of, her mother's faith never faltered, believing the unceasing prayers for this young missionary's life would be answered. Her faith was rewarded.

REV. RAY SMITH and Miss Jean Trumbull, missionaries-elect of our Occidental Board, were married Aug. 23d at the home of the bride in San Rafael, Cal. The Rev. Ray C. Smith of Iowa graduated at the San Francisco Theological Seminary in 1900, and Miss Jean Trumbull is the daughter of Mr. Trumbull, senior elder of the San Rafael church. The wedding was followed by a large reception, at which many missionaries were present, and many of the professors and students of the Theological Seminary. One of the charming features of the reception was the arrival and brief stay of the tiny ones of the infant class of which the bride was the beloved teacher. India will mean much to these little ones. This young couple are to sail for the Furrukhabad Mission in India (from New York) Sept. 20, 1900. Mr. Smith is the missionary of our Y.P.S.C.E. in place of Rev. W. A. Waddell, and we trust every society will watch with interest their way as they go and follow them with their prayers. Miss Trumbull is from the same church in San Rafael from which Dr. Alice Fish Moffett went, a few years ago, to Korea. A reception was tendered Miss Trumbull and Mr. Smith by the young people of the church.

LEAFLETS for November: *Historical Sketch of Korea*, 10 cts.; *Questions and Answers*, 5 cts.; *The Girls and Women of Korea*, 2 cts., 15 cts. per doz.; *Kim Yong Sun* (Hero Series), 2 cts., 15 cts. per doz.; *Home Life*, 2 cts., 15 cts. per doz.

From Portland, Oregon.

Meetings on the first and third Tuesdays of each month at the First Presbyterian Church. Visitors welcome.

"THE summer is ended," and some of our earnest women who work in season and out of season are rejoicing in having improved their special summer opportunities to talk to the churches, to societies and to individuals concerning our missionary work. By the seaside we meet many whose homes are far removed from our own, and as we stroll along the beach why should we not talk of matters relating to the kingdom! In the country, where some of us go, are weak societies which we may encourage and strengthen, and perhaps bring back from them to the Board suggestions or information which it is well to have. While pastors are away for their vacations even the city pulpits have been offered to those of us who are in town, and missionary addresses have been listened to with more than ordinary attention, while the eyes of all the world have been turned to the heathen lands which are stricken with war or with famine and pestilence.

THE columns of the secular press have been more than open to us, and how important it is that we improve all these opportunities while they are ours!

THE summer meetings of the Board were more largely attended than usual, and have been of a deeply spiritual nature.

WE had the pleasure of having Miss Alice Fitch, of Shanghai, China, with us at our August meeting. She had just arrived in this country with her brother to attend school in Wooster, Ohio. When asked if the disturbances were interfering with the work in Shanghai she replied that, on the contrary, many Chinese whom they had not supposed to be very staunch Christians have taken a firm and open stand on the Lord's side. Let no one ask again if there are any at the present day who would be martyrs if occasion required it.

LETTERS have been received from Dr. Maud Allen which have been read with painful interest. Concerning the famine stricken people in India she writes:

"In many places where the famine people are gathered together cholera has broken out in so virulent a form that people are said to die in ten minutes after being attacked.

"To-day's paper announces the death from cholera of a missionary in the famine district. He died on the roadside after an illness of nine hours. Just the other day I saw a man from Rajputana. He said that several people had been caught cooking their children to eat. Dead bodies lay along the roadside and children are left homeless and fatherless."

WE note for whom Dr. Leonard especially expresses sympathy. Writing from Peking during the early part of the trouble, she speaks of the native Christians who had been killed, and others who had fled for their lives, while "some, poor things, saved their lives by worshiping idols."

To whom will the world's people think that our sympathies especially go out! We sometimes sing, "Christian, walk carefully." It is now a time to *talk* carefully also.

NEW AUXILIARIES.

ILLINOIS.
Mt. Carmel, Equality Church.

MINNESOTA.
Balaton.
Cloquet.
Hardwick.

OHIO.
Mona.

PENNSYLVANIA.
Endeavor.
Portland.
Upper Mt. Bethel.

SOUTH DAKOTA.
Armour, Lake Andes Church.
Kimball, reorg.

Receipts of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church from Aug. 1, 1900.

[PRESBYTERIES IN SMALL CAPITALS.]

CARLISLE.—Harrisburg, Calvary, S.C.E., $12.00
CINCINNATI.—Cincinnati, 1st, 25, Golden Circle, 4.60, S.C.E., 5; 2d, 26.50, S.C.E. and Y.P.S., 3.80; 3d, 7.05; 4th, Y.L.B., 1.25; 7th, 22; Avondale, 99.82; Clifton, McAlpin Bd., 3.75; Knox, 7.66; Mohawk, 7.64, Buds of Promise, 1.19; Mt. Auburn, 52.52, Clifford Chapel Aux., 2; Walnut Hills, 66.50, Fullerton Bd., 6.50, Humphrey Bd., 13.50; College Hill, 50; Glendale, 9.44; Hartwell, 8.90; Linwood, 8.75, Calvary Workers, 2; Madisonville, 2; Montgomery, 2; Milford, S.C.E., 5; New Richmond, 2.50; Norwood, S.C.E., 4.50; Pleasant Ridge, 12.28; Williamsburg, 3; Wyoming, 28.70, 495.35
COLUMBUS.—Columbus, 1st, 5; 2d, 7.90; Broad St., 75; Olivet, 6.59; St. Clair Ave., S.C.E. Jr., 1.50; Mt. Sterling, S.C.E., 5; Westerville, 10, 110.99
HOLSTON.—Elizabethton, 4.25; Johnson City, 2.50; Mt. Bethel, S.C.E., 2.82; Rogersville, 3.50; Salem, 3.20, 16.27
HUNTINGDON.—Phillipsburg, S.C.E., 5.00
PHILADELPHIA.—Northminster, Y.L.S., 100; Richmond, S.C.E., 5, 105.00
ST. CLAIRSVILLE.—Shadyside, S.C.E., 10.00
SHENANGO.—Little Beaver, S.C.E., 5.00
WASHINGTON CITY.—Gunton Temple, S.C.E., 6.37
WELLSBORO.—Mansfield, 5.00
MISCELLANEOUS.—Wyandot, O., Mrs. J. G. Junkin, 5; Interest on Investment, 17.50, 22.50

Total for August, 1900, $793.48
Total since May 1, 1900, 16,917.13

MRS. JULIA M. FISHBURN, *Treas.*,
Sept. 1, 1900. 501 Witherspoon Bldg., Philadelphia.

Receipts of the Woman's Presbyterian Board of Missions of the Northwest to August 20, 1900.

BLOOMINGTON.—Clinton, C.E., $100.00
BOISE.—Boise, 1st, C.E., 4.20
CHICAGO.—Austin, 18.50; Arlington Heights, 5; Chicago, Campbell Pk., 2.28; Crerar Chapel, C.E., 2.50; 6th, 24; Englewood, 1st, C.E., 12.50; Woodlawn Pk., C.E. Jr., 2.75; 60th St., 3; South Side Tabernacle, 6; Hyde Pk., 51, Busy Bees, 6.25; Herscher, 2.10; Kankakee, 25; Lake Forest, Y.P.S., 26, Steady Streams, 80; Anon., 13.40; Anon., 5.75; Dr. Marshall's mite box, 2.60; Evanston, Chapel, C.E., 10, 298.63
COUNCIL BLUFFS.—Shelby, 1st, C.E., 10.00
DULUTH.—Duluth, 2d, C.E., 11.00
FREEPORT.—Argyle, 38; Freeport, 1st, 24; Harvard, 2.50; Galena, 1st, C.E., 25; Linn and Hebron, 14; Oregon, 6.54; Polo, Ind't Ch., 6; Roekford, 1st, C.E., 25.18; Westm'r Ch., C.E., 7, C.E. Jr., 2, 150.22
GRAND RAPIDS.—Grand Rapids, Immanuel Ch., 3.00
INDIANAPOLIS.—Indianapolis, Mr. Wm. S. Hubbard, 22.87
IOWA.—Burlington, 16.77; Fairfield, 30; Ft. Madison, 5; Keokuk, 20; Kossuth, 7.50; Lebanon, 5; Mediapolis, 10; Mt. Pleasant, 10; Winfield, 15.30, 119.57
IOWA CITY.—Brooklyn, 3.50; Columbus Junction, 10; Davenport, 1st, 35, Y.P.S., 22.50; Iowa City, 25; Muscatine, 16; Red Oak Grove, 7.50; Scott Ch., 2.75; Summit, C.E., 3.96; Unity, 3; Tipton, 13.20; West Branch, 4; West Liberty, 6.75; Williamsburg, 5; Wilton, 5, 163.16
KENDALL.—Idaho Falls, 4.35, Little Gleaners, 6.25, 10.60
LAKE SUPERIOR.—Eseanaba, 1st, C.E., 5.00
MINNEWAUKON.—Devil's Lake, C.E., 20.00
MUNCIE.—Converse, Mrs. M. C. Kelsey, 16.02
NEBRASKA CITY.—Lincoln, 1st, C.E., 15.20; 2d, C.E., 25; Seward, C.E., 50 cts., Jr. C.E., 50 cts.; York, C.E., 15, 56.20
OTTAWA.—Florida, Jr. C.E., .90
ST. PAUL.—Belle Plaine, C.E., 1.80; St. Paul, Dayton Ave. Ch., 44.43, C.E., 24.25; House of Hope Ch., 85; Children of Presbytery, 2, 157.48
SCHUYLER.—Camp Point, C.E., 3.00
VINCENNES.—Sullivan, 1st, C.E., 3.00
WATERLOO.—Albion, 5.50; Grundy Center, 32.50; Janesville, 3, 41.00
WINONA.—Albert Lea, 41, College Circle, 4.21; Chester, C. E., 6.85; Winona, 6, 58.06
FAMINE RELIEF.—Chicago, 41st St. Ch., Y.L.B., 1.50; Bethlehem Chapel, Miss Morris' Cl., 2; Immanuel Kindergarten, 40 cts., Miss E. V. Hahn, 3.60; Evanston, South Ch., 8.47; St Paul, Dayton Ave. Ch., 5.35; 1st, C.E., 9.90; House of Hope Ch., Primary Cl., 3.16; Mt. Pleasant, Ia., C.E., 5; Pender, Neb., C.E., 5; Anderson, Ind., 3.50, 47.88
MISCELLANEOUS.—Citronelle, Ala., bequest of Rev. James R. Brown, per Mrs. Catherine B. Wallace, 500; Trelona, Wyo., Dr. E. A. Croskery and Mrs. J. Jackson, 5; Promise, Ore., Mrs. Rose T. Schneider, 2.50; By sale of A Brief Record, Life of Mary M. Campbell, 60 cts., 508.10

Total for month, $1,909.89
Total receipts since April 20, 12,867.20

MRS. C. B. FARWELL, *Treas.*,
Room 48, LeMoyne Block, 40 Randolph St.
CHICAGO, Aug. 20, 1900.

Receipts of the Women's Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church for August, 1900.

* Indicates summer offering for Medical Missions.

BROOKLYN.—Brooklyn, Bethany, C.E., 5; Calvary, 4.96; Dunyea, Golden Rule Bd., 1.26; City Park Branch, 4.51, Cheerful Givers Bd., 10; Immanuel, 25; Lafayette Ave., 137.26, Cuyler Chapel, 4.53, C.E., 1.02; Memorial, 25.59; Ross St., C.E., 95; Throop Ave., 22, $363.22
BUFFALO.—Buffalo, Calvary, 29.15; Central, 18.84; North, 18; Silver Creek, 8, 73.99
CAYUGA.—Auburn, Calvary, 2; Central, 25; Aurora, 25; Ithaca, 35.29; Sennett, 5; Weedsport, Memorial Bd., 20, 112.29
CHEMUNG.—Burdett, 15, C.E., 2; Elmira, 1st, 2; Franklin St., 6; Lake St., 15, 40.25
HUDSON.—Circleville, 2; Denton, C.E., 3; Hamptonburg, 8.88; Hopewell, 6.15; Middletown, 2d, 9; *Milford, 10.14; Monroe, 7.25; Nyack, C.E., 5; Otisville, 2; Port Jervis, 13.37; Ramapo, 12.60, 79.39
MORRIS AND ORANGE, N. J.—Morristown, 1st, 25.00
NASSAU.—Astoria, Jr. C.E., 5.00
NEW YORK.—Bethlehem Chapel, C.E., 15; Central, Intermediate, C.E., 50; Ch. of the Puritan, Y.P.S., 115; West End, C.E., 35, Miss M. C. Bahr, 15, 230.00
OTSEGO.—Hobart, C.E., 10; Unadilla, 2.75, C.E., 2.25, 15.00
ST. LAWRENCE.—Brasher Falls, C.E., 5.55; Chaumont, 5; Canton, 15, C.E., 10; Chipman, C.E., 30; Gouverneur, C.E., 30; Watertown, 1st, 34, 109.55
UTICA.—Clinton, 25, Miss. Reading Club, 5; Forestport, C.E., 2; Kirkland, C.E., 5; Little Falls, 25, C.E., 50; Oneida Castle, 10; Rome, C.E., 23; Sauquoit, 10, C.E., 2; Turin, 10; Utica, Bethany, 160.24; 1st, C. W. Darling, *special*, 20; W. Camden, C.E., 5, 352.24
MISCELLANEOUS.—A Friend, 5.00
LEGACY.—Estate of Mrs. Lucy C. West, 1,000

Total for month, $2,410.93
Total since April 1, 13,480.56

Miss HENRIETTA W. HUBBARD, *Treas.*,
156 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Receipts of the Woman's Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions of the Southwest for the month ending August 24, 1900.

AUSTIN.—El Paso, C.E., $2.00
KANSAS CITY.—Appleton City, 4.32; Butler, 11.60; Deepwater, 5; Independence, 8.65; Kansas City, 2d, 35.50; 5th, 4.08; Lowry City, 75 cts.; Osceola, 2.83; Sedalia Br'dw'y, 6; Central, 1.65; Vista, 1.17, 81.55
SANTA FE.—East Las Vegas, 10; Santa Fe, 3.60, 13.60
SOLOMON.—Abilene, 8.75; Belleville, 2; Beloit, 10.10; Bennington, 2, C.E., 65 cts.; Caledonia, 2.85; Cawker City, 5, C.E., 5; Concordia, 5.05; Culver, 95 cts.; Herrington, Jr. C.E., 1; Lincoln, 5; Mt. Pleasant, 3; Salina, 5; Solomon, 2, 58.35
TRINITY.—Dallas, 2d, Jr. C.E., .80
MISCELLANEOUS.—Famine Relief, St. Louis, Lafayette Park, W.M.S., 18; La Salle St. Miss., Dr. Bishop's Class, 4.25, 22.25

Total for month, $178.55
Total to date, 1,730.57

MRS. WM. BURO, *Treas.*,
Aug. 24, 1900. 1756 Missouri Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

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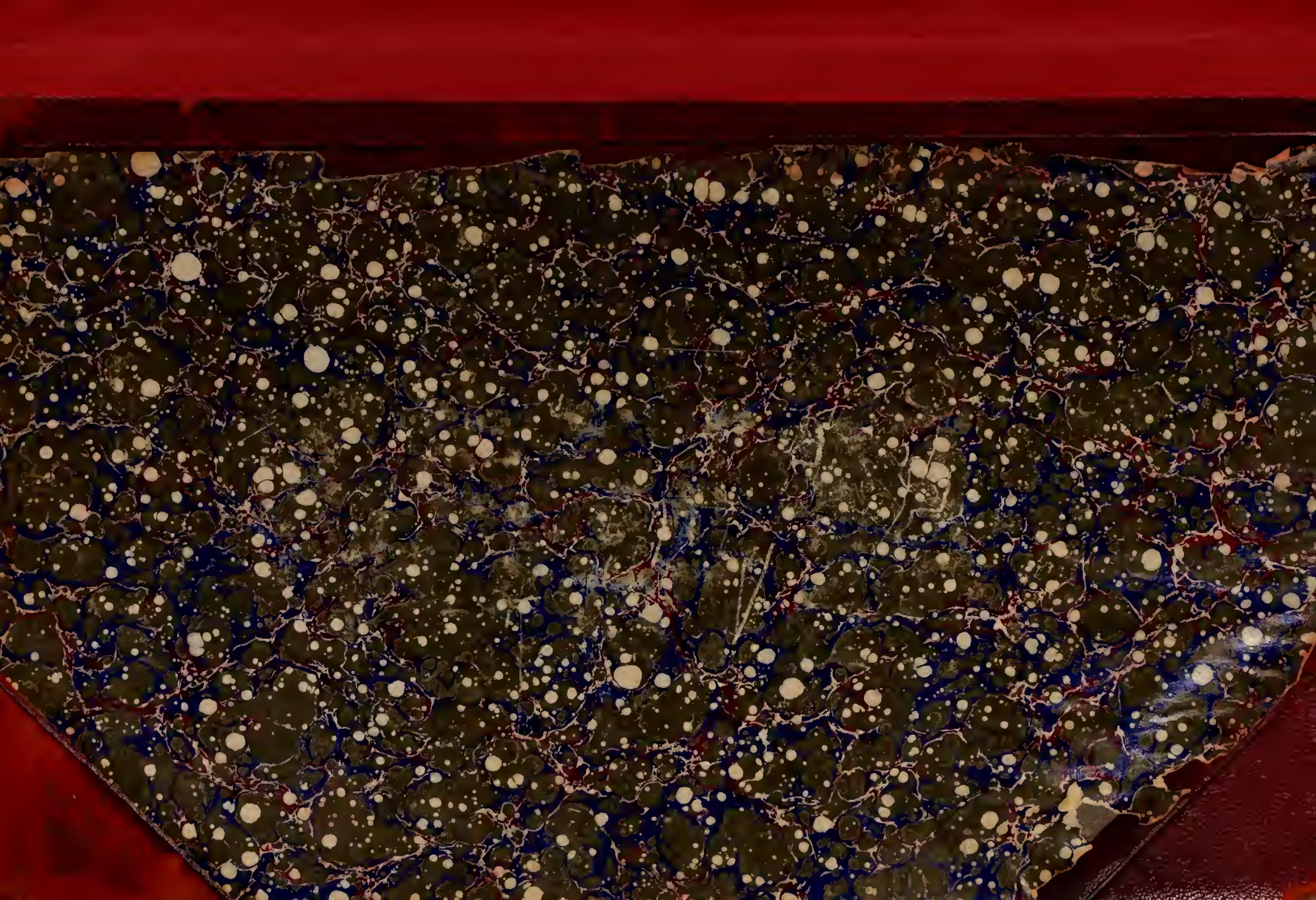
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